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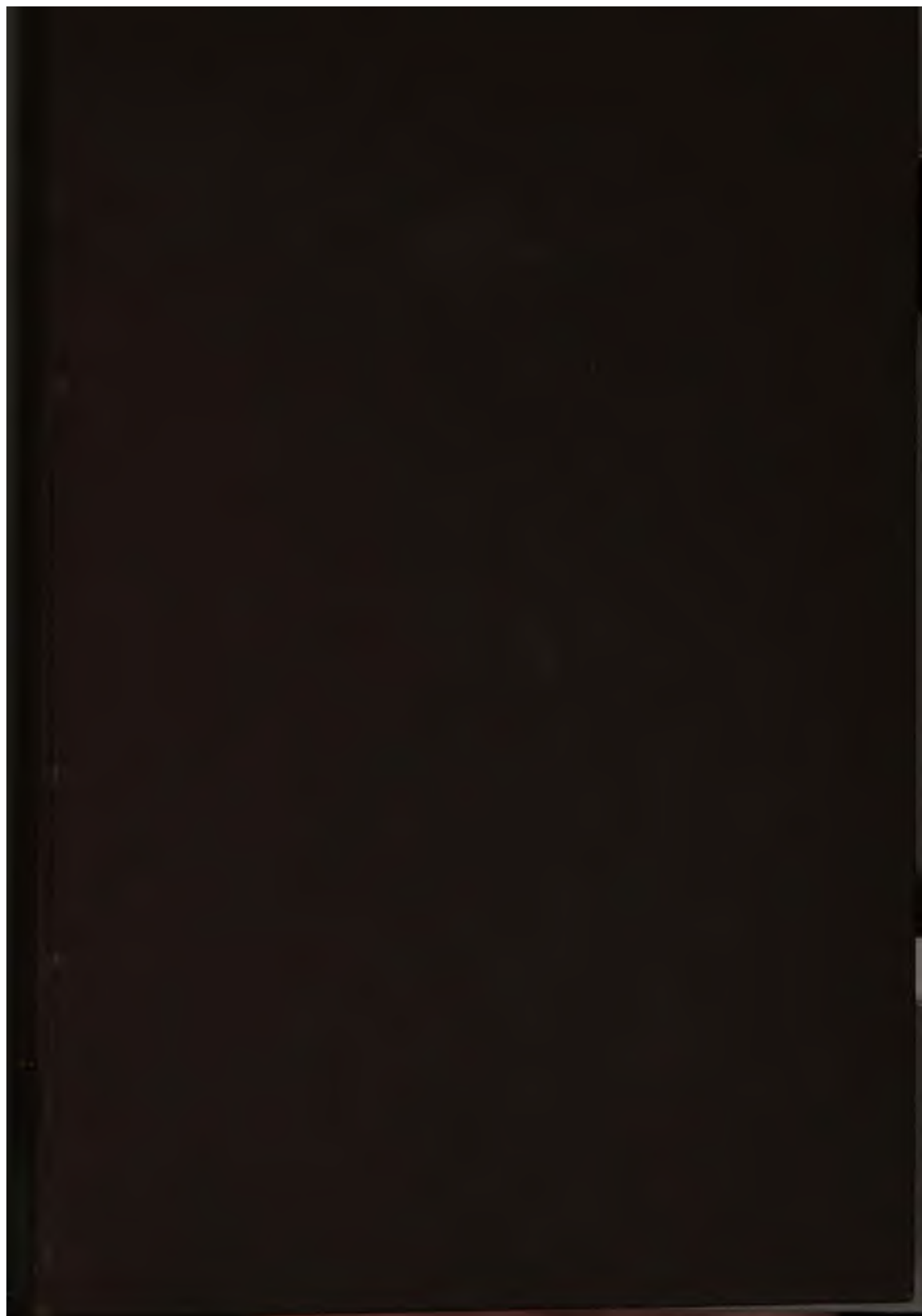
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A
PRACTICAL ESSAY
ON
CASUAL AND HABITUAL
INTOXICATION;
BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A FEW
LECTURES

Delivered at Skipton-in-Craven, in 1830.

BY
THOMAS DODGSON, M.D.
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON
LICENTIATE OF THE SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES, &c.

SKIPTON:
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TO THE
MEDICAL GENTLEMEN
OF
CRAVEN,

(Amongst whom the Author has resided for the last Eleven Years),

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED
AS A MARK OF
RESPECT, ESTEEM, AND FRIENDSHIP.

P R E F A C E.

AT the threshold the Author deems it necessary to state, that the following pages are intended more for the general than the professional reader, as they form but a selection from a professional MS. it has long been in contemplation to publish, but which has been deferred from time to time, for reasons which need not here be stated. To adopt a word of modern coinage it has not been deemed *expedient* so to do.

It has, however, been thought, that there might be usefulness in aiming to popularize, at a cheap rate, some of the more important facts connected with the subject. With this view the present selection has been made.

From more than one chapter no extract whatever has been taken ; as, for instance, that on *post mortem* examinations. The same remark might almost be extended to physiology,—that small portion with which the other matter is occasionally interwoven being scarcely entitled to the name. Be-

sides these, many other points have been altogether withheld, for no other reason than that their insertion would have swollen the pamphlet to unreasonable dimensions. Still, upon so important and extensive a subject—one which has ever been a commodious theme of raillery to the gay, and declamation to the serious,—which has so often been ridiculed with all the pleasantry of wit, and exaggerated with all the amplifications of rhetoric, it is anything but easy to avoid overstepping the limits originally chalked out.

Professional subjects cannot be investigated or explained in diction purely popular; yet though narrowed by such a curb, the Author would fain hope that these pages may possess a more substantial claim to notice than that of mere novelty, and that when they are submitted to a healthy digestion, the proportion of real nutriment will not be inconsiderable.

Considering how common a malady drunkenness is, it is truly surprising that so few medical writers have devoted their attention to it, or employed their pens in its delineation. In this age of literary fecundity, one would have supposed, that the press (that Midwife-General to the brain) would have brought forth a numerous progeny. Yet, so far as my information extends, Dr. Trotter's Essay, published in 1814, and the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," recently published by Macknish, are the only

works written *ex professo* upon the subject. Small portions, it is true, of this field of medical inquiry have at various times been plentifully manured by the fertilizing productions of numerous writers ;—so that the whole now affords a rich harvest, into which as yet few sickles have been introduced.

The Author is not for whining at the depravity of the times ; he is not disposed to paint a gloomy prospect ;—neither needs the reader be alarmed, lest by the perusal of these pages he should be led to suspect the seeds of disease in every cup. All these he leaves, most willingly, to those declaimers who love to mourn over the degeneracy of the age.

As to temperance it has now been so frequently lauded as to leave little more to be desired upon this point, except, that we should talk of it less and practise it more.

In short, it has been attempted to comprise as much entertaining matter as could be given along with useful knowledge, and as much knowledge as could be conveyed in an amusing form.

After all, the present is rather an attempt at what may be accomplished than the accomplishment itself ; and ore is still left in the mine which the Author has been exploring, that well deserves smelting for general currency.

Skipton, May 1st, 1832.

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PRACTICAL ESSAY.

HORATIO. Is it a custom ?

HAMLET. Ay, marry, is't :

But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance,
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations ;
They class us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

SHAKESPEARE.

GENERAL REMARKS.

INTOXICATION, is less a vice of modern than of ancient times. It is no longer the practice to drink down the evening, and drink up the morning star. The Bacchanalian feats of the polite Greeks, and lordly Romans, far out-strip any thing which men of modern times have been able to exhibit.

Betwixt the drinking habits, and the general manners of nations, there is, of course, an intimate connection ; and an inquiry into the influence of wine on national character, offers an extensive and highly interesting field of disquisition. There is little doubt, that national character, as well as form, and other material qualities, depend as much on climate, and physical circumstances, as on government, education, religion and laws ; and in the history of manners, it is more than

probable, that the use of Wine, would of itself, furnish a prominent chapter.

There is, unquestionably, a connection between the food on which a nation subsists, and its temperament and character; though the science of dietics is not yet sufficiently advanced, to enable us to trace distinctly, the action of one upon the other. The history of Wines and the inquiries into manners, are, therefore, fraught with reciprocal illustrations; but the want of accurate data, and the difficulty of clearly distinguishing them, from other concomitant circumstances, present a barrier to any consistent theory, or satisfactory conclusions.

The ancient Greeks and Romans, used at their meals, to make libations, pour out, and drink wine, in honour of the Gods, of which the classical writings abound with proofs. The Gods, it was understood, did not sit long at table; yet the Poets generally represent the guests of Jupiter, and even the Sceptre-bearer himself, as passing the bowl freely round the board. But whatever they might think upon this point, the Greeks both sat long, and drank deep; though when they drank freely, the wine was much diluted; to use it otherwise was held to be a proof of barbarism. To drink like a Greek has become a proverb.

In the convivial meetings of the ancients, affairs of the greatest importance were usually discussed, and they deliberated upon those affairs that regarded either present events or future contingencies. There was, however, an elegance in the Grecian mind, which seldom sank into the grovelling debauchery that sullied the grosser manners of Rome, especially under the Emperors. With the pleasures of the table were mingled many elegant exercises; including speaking, singing, dancing, reading, and proposing moral topics for

conversation, of which Plutarch has preserved a collection. These exercises, were supposed to conduce to the health and reputation. Dedicating cups to divinities in succession, led by an easy transition, to the custom of pledging each other; hence the origin of modern healths. But they were not content as we are now, in this fag-end of time, with sipping a single glass to the health of an acquaintance, benefactor, or absent friend; their favourite mode of drinking healths, was by taking off as many cups as there were letters in the name proposed. Something analogous to this, is the "four times four" of modern loyalty and affection to the fourth William. It is almost needless to state, that many were partial to the number of the Muses: but those who studied moderation, confined themselves to that of the Graces.

In the head-aches which were the sequel of those Bacchanalian orgies, compression of the head by the hand conveyed considerable relief; this gave rise to more permanent ligatures. Ivy, and the myrtle (the inspirer of elegant fancies,) appear to have been the first plants used for this purpose. The laurel and the rose soon followed, and the violet, the lily, the anemone, the hyacinth, and many others, were afterwards successively pressed into the service of the chaplet. Thus, in the mystic wreath, were mingled the gay colours of the lovely rose, with the perfume of the violet. The custom of wearing rosy chaplets about the head, led to the practice of hanging roses over the tables in their dining rooms, and parlours. They were intended to put the company in memory of secrecy, that what they heard there, might not be indiscreetly blabbed abroad. Hence, when persons desired to confine their words to the company present, they commonly said, they had spoken "under the rose." Besides these customs, there were several other various and complicated contrivances,

as mystical, and perhaps, as much respected at the time, as the oracles delivered by the Pythia.

From the tendency which wine has, when abused, to corrupt the morals of mankind, some nations have prohibited the planting of vines, and the use of wine altogether. Thus, the Koran of Mahomet, expressly denies wine to the Mussulman. Mahomet knew, that his was a faith strictly military, to be propagated by the sword;—he knew too, that nothing is so destructive to discipline as intemperance; he, therefore, doomed all those who received his law, not to sobriety only, but also to abstinence. This law, is, nevertheless (according to Buckhart), sadly infringed upon. Even in Mecca, one of the holy Moslem cities, the abstinence from strong liquors, so rigidly enjoined by the prophet, is no where observed with greater laxity. The Africans carry their *bouza*, and the Indians their *raky*; which liquors, under the frivolous comment of not being wine, are drunk in large quantities, and sold at the very gates of the Beitullah!

Whole nations have been addicted to this destructive vice, and our own country, unfortunately, cannot plead entire exemption from the reproach; though at one time, it was described as the refuge of sobriety. The Danes first brought into England excessive drinking, and King Edgar permitting many of them to dwell here, was at length constrained to order as a check to this excess, that certain nails should be driven into the sides of their cups, as limits or bounds, which no man, under a great penalty, should be so hardy as to transgress. Hence the phrase which still subsists in England, of a man in his cups, being a *peg higher or lower*: hence, probably, the phrase of being *in a merry pin*.

It has already been hinted, that what has been called the influence of climate upon the human species, may be resolved,

chiefly, into the effects of diet, which necessarily varies with the Geographical position of each country. The great estimation in which fermented liquors are held by all northern nations, would seem to be a proof of their necessity and value. The inhabitants of wine countries, with few exceptions, are much less prone to intemperance than those nations more remote, among which, indeed, the attraction of vinous liquors seems to increase in proportion as they recede from the climates that produce them. Among the inhabitants of hyperborean lands, there is a perpetual struggle between the laws of life *within*, and the laws of life *without*; and whatever gives a preponderance to the former will be eagerly sought after. As we approach the Pole, we observe the propensity to spirituous liquors increase. Here life is at a low ebb, artificial excitement becomes indispensable, and the means of procuring it, one of the chief objects of the people. Thus, in cold climates, the stomach prefers animal food, and calls for, or at least, comes more readily to relish, the stimulus of ardent spirits: while in regions nearer the sun, men subsist, chiefly, on bread and fruits, and prefer the mild produce of the grape, to strong ale and distilled liquors. The French are more sober than the Germans, because the warmer temperature of their country enables them to substitute wine, for the ale and rye-brandy of their neighbours. A tippling Frenchman is quite a *rara avis*; although he is surrounded by a profusion of the most delicious wines and seducing *liqueurs* offering every temptation to render intoxication delightful. The delicious fruits and cooling drinks, which may be met with in warm climates, indispose the stomach for spirituous stimuli, and render even wine less necessary.

The characteristic of the Southern Nations of Europe, is not so much a positive gaiety, as an equable flow of the animal

spirits. They are less the slaves of care than the people of the north, and more disposed to snatch the frivolous and fleeting pleasures which the hour presents. As they do not seek the exaltation which intemperance gives, they are strangers to the mental depression which follows it.

The Scotch and the English, prefer what will *nourish*; the Irish what will *excite*. Hence, the bad effects of liquors, are not always to be estimated by the quantity consumed, but the manner in which they are taken. The poorer classes in some of the large manufacturing towns in Great Britain, consume a greater quantity than those in Dublin, but there is a striking difference in the mode of consumption. The English and Scotch eat much more solid nourishing food, and generally speaking, do not take liquor on an empty stomach, like the people of Dublin. Thus, the effects of the whisky, are less directed to the coats and nerves of the stomach, or to the brain, and therefore, intoxication does not exhibit itself half so frequently.

But of the convivial usages and tastes of by-gone times, every Gentleman will learn sufficient: of the joyous observances of his own day, it may chance he will learn too much.

AGENTS.

Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly train,
Full of what cheers the heart, and fires the brain.

OTWAY.

As Intoxication is modified, and in some cases, most singularly so, by the agent which is employed in its production, a few observations upon those agents will here be offered. It is a great fallacy to suppose that if a man be drunk, it matters not by what means the intoxication is produced. It will hereafter be seen, that it matters a great deal; that Gin and Claret, Porter and Champagne, are not equivalents; and that it is not immaterial what a man drinks habitually, short of intoxication. The drunkenness produced by wine, differs widely from that produced by ardent spirits, and this, again, from that produced by malt liquor. Both the moral and physical effects are different; and the debauchee of high life, revels in point of constitutional health, when compared with the low drunkard of every class.

The Vine is a native of most of the temperate regions of the earth; but it comes to perfection in warm climates only, and not equally in these; for as we approach the equator the quality of the fruit deteriorates. The best grape, is producible in a genial climate, chiefly between the fortieth and fiftieth degree of latitude. We have certain evidence that wine has been known upwards of four thousand years, and presumptive evidence that it was known more than a thousand years earlier. In later times, the culture of the Vine has spread

over portions of the globe which were wholly unknown to the ancients; and the species and varieties have multiplied to an extent which the industry of our Botanists has scarcely been able to overtake.

The grape consists of a vegetable fibre; a peculiar ferment or yeast; sugar in large quantity; potash; lime; three acids, the citric, malic, and tartaric; a small quantity of an essential oil; much water; a little mucilage; and in some species a red-colouring matter, which is contained in the husk.

By whatever names intoxicating liquors, are designated, whether wine, ale, brandy, rum, gin, whisky or cordials—or, however they may be variously disguised,—Alcohol is the basis of them all. Strictly speaking, the word Alcohol, applies only to the pure spirit obtainable by distillation, and subsequent rectification, from all liquors that have undergone vinous fermentation, and from none but such as are susceptible of it. But it is commonly used to signify this spirit more or less imperfectly freed from water, in the state in which it is usually met with in the shops; and as it was first obtained from the juice of the grape, the name of spirit of wine was given to it, which it still retains.

Wines are frequently arranged in four classes: viz. Sparkling, or Effervescing;—Dry and Light;—Dry and Strong;—and Sweet Wines. But however they may be arranged or denominated, the essential components of all Wines are,—one or more acids, generally the Malic, but in some the Carbonic predominates, and all contain some Tartaric; extractive matter; a volatile oil, on which the flavour depends; colouring matter; and Alcohol, the most important of these ingredients.

SWEET WINES, are the result of an imperfect fermentation, and are, in fact, mixtures of wine and sugar. They form a

numerous class, and include our own domestic wines, many French and Italian wines,—the wines of Cyprus,—and the celebrated Tokay. In this class must also be included the Malmsey wines, of the Islands of the Archipelago, which leave such a charming, velvet repose, on the palate; and the rich and luscious wines of Canary, which according to the proverb, are manna to the mouth, and balsam to the brain. The odour or *bouquet* and flavour which distinguish one wine from another, evidently depend upon some volatile and fugacious principle, soluble in Alcohol; this, in sweet and half-fermented Wines, is immediately derived from the fruit; but in more perfect wines, it bears no resemblance to the natural flavour of the fruit, but is the product of the vinous process, or the manipulation.

These wines contain the greatest proportion of extractive and saccharine matter, and the least ardent spirit. When new, they are exceedingly apt to disorder the stomach. Soon cloying upon the palate, they are generally drunk in moderation; and as the excess of saccharine matter retards their stimulant operation, do not intoxicate speedily. Used to excess, the same effects follow, as from the heavier dry wines.

SPARKLING WINES, owe their briskness to the Carbonic Acid Gas with which they abound. They have a taste much more agreeable and piquant, than wines that do not sparkle. Champagne, the best of these wines, intoxicates rapidly. This seems to be owing, chiefly, but not entirely, to its alcohol being in chemical combination with the Gas, and being suddenly applied, whilst in this volatile and very divided state, to a large extent of nervous surface. Its effects, too, are so transitory, that a man may be made tipsy by it at Dinner, and be almost sober again by the time the dessert is placed upon the table. The reason that Champagne is so cool when first

decanted is, that the carbonic acid, in assuming its gaseous form, absorbs, as latent heat, a large proportion of the heat which was previously existing in the liquid. Champagne produces both red and white Wines; but that commonly known in England is white, or of a very slight red colour. Among the red wines are Saint Thierry, Mailly, Saint Basle, and others. Among the white wines the Sillery stands foremost; and is distinguished by its fine amber colour, its superior body, and strength,—its bright flavour and comparative stillness. In order to preserve the sweetness, and promote the effervescence of these wines (the virtues for which they are commonly so esteemed), the manufacturers add to each bottle, a small portion of syrup, composed of sugar-candy and cream of tartar; the highly-frothing kinds receiving the largest portion. The best wines are comparatively still, or shew only a slight cream on the surface, but to the taste are equally brisk. When, therefore, the wine “sparkleth in the glass, and moveth itself aright,” it should be considered rather a vice than otherwise, unless it possess the attributes of age. The excitement produced by Champagne, is of a more lively and agreeable character, than that which is caused by any other kind of wine; and what is still better, the subsequent exhaustion is less. If a man wishes to be merry for an hour or two, and sober immediately afterwards, Champagne’s the liquor,*

DRY and LIGHT WINES. Under this head may be enumerated the wines of the Rhine and the Moselle which hold but a small proportion of Alcohol, and whose effects are moderated by the presence of free acids. They possess marked

* A recollection of these qualities gave rise to Mr. Curran’s witticism, that Champagne makes a runaway rap at a man’s head.

diuretic properties. The Wines of this class which are best known in England, are Claret, Hermitage, Hock and the highly-flavoured Bergundy. The wines of Bergundy, as far as regards richness of flavour and perfume, and all the most delicate qualities of the juice of the grape, are certainly more perfect than those of Champagne. The choicest Bergundy Wine is that of Romanée Conti, a wine scarcely known in England, and produced in small quantities, the vineyard being not more than 6½ English acres in extent. Under the name of Mâcon, which is the *red* Burgundy best known in England, is comprehended the growths of numerous vineyards. But the *white* wines of Bergundy maintain the highest rank among the French white Wines. The best is the Mont-Rachet wine, famous for its high perfume and agreeable nutty flavour. Although the exhilaration produced by Bergundy is unquestionably more innocent than that resulting from the use of heavier wines, yet, with some persons, it produces more heat and head-ache than many other wines which contain a larger proportion of alcohol; a circumstance which some have attributed to the predominance of its powerful aroma. But of all wines, *genuine* Claret is the best and safest for daily use, and must ever bear away the palm. It is well fermented; and possesses an agreeable aroma, with a small proportion of Spirit. It agreeably exhilarates, and does not readily intoxicate. The wine which is usually denominated Claret in England, is, generally, a compounded wine, being mixed with other vintages of a less wholesome quality. Claret possesses more astringency than Bergundy, and is less heady. The prime red wines of Bordeaux, are those of Lafitte, Chateau Margaux, Latour and Haut Brion. About 200,000 tons are produced in ordinary years, at an expense of nearly two millions sterling. The Lafitte is the

most choice and delicate, and is characterized by its silky softness on the palate, and its charming perfume, which partakes of the perfume of the violet and the raspberry. The Latour has a fuller body, and at the same time a considerable aroma, but wants the softness of the Lafitte. Chateau-Margaux is, on the other hand, lighter, and possesses all the delicate qualities of the Lafitte, except that it has not quite so high a flavour. The Haut-Brion, again, has more spirit and body than any of the preceding, but it is rough when used soon. These are the first-rate wines, which ought, when genuine, to embalm the palate, and which divide the suffrages of Amateurs. If, then, a man wishes to be pleasantly exhilarated for a whole evening, and perfectly sober with his wits about him in the morning, let him drink claret.

The quantity of wine raised in France, is almost incredible. The Vineyards are said to occupy five millions of acres, or a twenty-sixth part of the whole territory. Paris alone consumes more than three times the quantity of wine consumed in the British Isles. Indeed, the production of wine; is, next to the ordinary business of agriculture, by far the most extensive and valuable branch of industry in France. It is estimated by the land owners and merchants of the department of the Gironde, that the quantity of wine, annually produced in France, amounts, at an average, to about forty millions of hectolitres, or, 1060 millions of gallons;—that its value is not less than from 800 to 1000 millions of francs, or from thirty-two to forty millions sterling; and that upwards of three millions of individuals are employed in its production.

Vide *Petition des Propriétaires de Vignes, du Département de la Gironde, Adressée aux Chambres, et Mémoire à l'Appui.*

Wine tax in France. The whole amount of the local taxation over the great towns of the kingdom is about 1,200,000 £ sterling; the Government and local taxes together, over the whole kingdom, amount to 5,200,000 £ sterling. In Paris, a hectolitre of wine pays in municipal, and national taxes, 21 francs, or about 4d. per bottle,

DRY AND STRONG WINES. This class comprehends those wines which are most frequently drunk in this Country; as Madeira, Sherry, Port, &c. Of all the strong wines Madeira is the best, not only for the healthy man, but for the invalid also, notwithstanding the slight acidity with which it is accompanied. It is equally spirituous as Sherry, and possesses a more delicate flavour and aroma, and as to the acid, upon which it is the fashion to lay so much stress, it is, after all, merely an atom of cream of Tartar. Of Madeira wines, there are four distinct sorts.

Sherry is prepared at Xeres near Cadiz. Sherry wines recommend themselves to many, by an almost total absence of acidity,—a merit rather ideal than real. It is, sometimes, the practice to mix a little lime with the grapes before they are pressed. This, however, can only neutralize the acid already existing in the grape. Sherries of a pale straw colour are at present the fashion. Sherries are dry or sweet; but the dry are the most esteemed in this country: on their native soil, the choice is reversed, the Spaniard uniformly preferring such wines as are rich and sweet.

Port Wines were introduced into England about the year 1700. The usual color of Port on its arrival in this country, is purplish, or inky; rough and full-bodied; of

Falstaff's *Sherries Sack*, was, doubtless, dry Sherry; the French word *sec* (dry), being corrupted into sack. In a poem, printed in 1619, sack and sherry are noted throughout as synonymous, every stanza, to the number of twelve, ending,—

Give me sack, old sack, boys,
To make the muses merry;
The life of mirth, and the joy of the earth,
Is a cup of good old Sherry,

PASQUIL.

an astringent and bitter sweet taste ; and with an odour and flavour of brandy proportionate to the genuineness of the Wine. Keeping the wine in the wood, will abate all these peculiarities, except those of the brandy ; which, age, in the bottle, as from eight to twelve years, will alone qualify ; and the genuine wine is thus obtained. In the mean time, the colouring and other matter, becomes *crusted* on the sides of the vessels, frequently carrying with it much of the flavour of the wine, which is then technically termed *tawney*. The "thick crust," the "bee's wing" and several other criterions of the epicure, are but so many proofs of the decomposition and departure of some of the best qualities of the wine. The partiality of the British to Port Wine, affords a marked illustration of the influence of custom, in reconciling the palate to a fluid whose bitterness, harshness, acerbity, and other repulsive qualities, are only disguised by a large admixture of ardent spirit. Common Port, is a black Stygian compound of wine and brandy ; for previous to exportation, additional potency is given to the wine, by the addition of brandy. This process is in technical language called "fretting in." Justice, however, demands the acknowledgment, that this is done with the express view of rendering it marketable in this country, and of pleasing the vitiated taste of the British nation. If, therefore, we complain that Port Wine is a fiery, brandied liquor (which it is), surely, no inconsiderable portion of the blame rests upon ourselves. Formerly, brandy was mixed with the wine, from an idea that it was essential to its preservation. This supposition is, however, entirely gratuitous. The Wines of Oporto abound in the astringent principle, and on account of the Gallic acid which they contain, are unfit for weak stomachs. Neither

Sherry nor Port enlivens the fancy like the French wines, and the excitement they produce, is of a sluggish nature.

Genuine Wine, when of a proper age, and when temperately used, is cordial, and tonic;—quickens the action of the heart and arteries;—strengthens the animal functions;—promotes the different secretions;—diffuses an agreeable warmth over the body;—calls into action all the intellectual powers, and banishes all unpleasant feelings from the mind. But it is the temperate man, and *he alone*, who can taste its pleasures.

ADULTERATION OF WINES.

A Tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wine,
May cheat you once;—will that device
'Neat as imported,' cheat you twice?

GARRICK.

MUCH has of late years been said, concerning the adulteration of wines; and though I am by no means disposed to join in the clamour, yet the subject is one of too much importance to pass over altogether. I would indeed gladly wave it entirely; not only from the belief that the accounts we hear of these matters are much exaggerated,—but also, from the conviction, that the system of adulteration, is one, which is hastening to work its own reformation. Nor can one read, with complacency, those sweeping conclusions, and violent *tirades*, directed against a whole body of men, for the delinquencies of a few.

In the wine trade, as in all other trades, the great body of its members consists of honest and honourable men, who would spurn at any wealth obtained from a polluted source. That there are a few, who scruple not to tamper with the health of their fellow-creatures, has been but too frequently proved:—and that wines are not merely adulterated, but manufactured in this country, is demonstrated by the irresistible fact, that there is more wine, reputed to be foreign, drunk in England, than is imported.

In no trade is there stronger temptation to the commission of fraud:—the price of wine is high—the consumption great—and the means of sophistication both very many and very easy. By the adulteration and medication of wines, four principal objects are attempted;—first to increase their bulk or quantity; secondly, to give them strength; thirdly, to perfect, or change their colour; and fourthly, to lessen, or remove their acidity.

The adulteration of valuable wines, by means of cheap Spanish, and Cape wines, is the most common, and least objectionable mode, since it does not go the length of injuring the health. It is a practice comparatively innocent; for the offence is not so much a fraud upon the health, as upon the pocket. It ought, however, to be kept in remembrance, that mixing one wine with another, is a custom which, in some measure, is imposed upon the merchants. They must either do so, or refuse to execute the orders given them; as the demand for the wines best known in this country so far exceeds the produce, that the foreign merchants cannot possibly furnish the quantity required, were they ever so willing to do so. For instance, we are told that the total amount of the prime first rate Clarets, does not average more than two hundred and ninety tuns per annum.* This being the case, a quantity equal to the demand is produced by substituting wines of an inferior description. By mixing and

* Average number of Tuns produced.

Chateau Margaux, made at Margaux, from	100 to 120
Do. Lafitte,.....Panillac.....	100 to 110
Do. Latour,.....St. Lambert....	70 to 90

In 1825, these first growths fetched 3500 francs per tun: in 1826, less than half that sum.

The Wines of Bordeaux, By M. PAGUIARE.

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counter-mixing, a general medium scale of quality is manufactured; and to prevent all risk of comparison the prime growths are carefully kept out of the market. All comparison being denied, nobody can remonstrate. But the fundamental evil, is the excessive quantity of brandy with which wines are mingled, in order to give them strength. In truth, in every place where wine is made, it is "got up" to suit the particular market for which it is destined; that which is sent to Great Britain being made the strongest. At Bordeaux, the process by which this is effected, is named "travail a l'Anglaise;" in Spain and Portugal, it is termed "fretting in." The latter mode is certainly the least exceptionable way of introducing brandy; since in this process, the wine undergoes a renewed fermentation, and the scientific Vintner, as it were, re-makes the wine. Still, the dose of brandy is usually so great, that there always remains a portion of uncombined spirit; and in drinking wines, it is the uncombined portion of the spirit which produces the mischief.

When Wines have become acid, various means are resorted to for restoring them. But some wines, when once become sour, cannot by any justifiable method be remedied. Formerly, Lead was much employed for destroying the acidity of weak wines, and the acidity of cider also: and were it not highly pernicious to the constitution, would have claims to our notice, for its oxides have the property of forming with the acid of vinegar, a salt of an agreeable saccharine taste, which besides stopping the fermentation, does not change, but rather improves the colour of the wine. It is, or was, also employed as a speedy mode of recovering muddy, or ropy wines. Brandy is very frequently employed to keep wines from spoiling; but they are slowly decomposed by it, whatever may be said to the contrary. Some wines it utterly

ruins, and in some others, the fermentation, so far from being retarded, is accelerated by the addition.

As to the manufacturing of wines, little need be said. A document was recently issued from the office of the Inspector General of Imports and Exports, shewing the quantities of articles imported, and entered for home consumption. From this document it appears, that the quantity of wine imported at the two periods of 1790 and 1826, was nearly *the same*; being in 1790,—5,778,068 Gallons,—and in 1826,—5,510,677 Gallons.

Now, the population in 1790 very little exceeded 8,000,000; whereas, in 1826 the population of England and Wales, was 12,218,500. So that when the population had increased 4,000,000, and when wine (reputed to be foreign) was drunk in almost every house, there was actually *less* wine imported, than there had been 36 years previously. How is this? In the name of wonder, where are the vineyards situated which pour their tides of Nectar through every tavern in “merry old England?” The secret’s this. We have at home ingenious philosophers who are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and who have (thanks to our chemistry), hit upon a method of turning our orchards and gardens into vineyards. Such is their proficiency in the art, that they can squeeze Bordeaux out of a sloe, and extract charming Champagne out of an apple or a gooseberry. Thus illustrating the remarkable prophecy in Virgil,—

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva—

‘The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn.’

But the subject of adulteration has now become so threadbare as to cease to be interesting. To mention half the ways by which wines are sophisticated, would require no trifling succession of pages; and “where ignorance is bliss, ’tis folly to be wise.”

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

WE have no historical record of the precise period when the distillation of spirit was invented. In this inquiry we only arrive at an approximation to the time of the discovery. Bergman in his history of chemistry, says that Thaddeus of Florence, who was born in 1270, Arnold de Villanova, a physician of the thirteenth century, and Raymond Lully (who died in 1315), are the first three persons who mention spirits of Wine. Lully gave the name of *alcohol* to the strongest spirit. It is, therefore, more than probable, that the discovery of spirit of wine was made about the middle of the twelfth century. It is commonly supposed that the art of distillation was introduced into Britain during the reign of Henry II.

BRANDY. This well known fluid, is the spirit distilled from wine. The greatest quantities are made in Languedoc, where this manufacture (upon the whole so pernicious to society), first commenced. The most spirituous wines of France, those of Languedoc, Guinne, and Rousillon, yield according to Chaptal, from 20 to 25 gallons of excellent brandy from a hundred; but those of Burgundy and Champagne much less. As the essential oil that arises in this process, is of a more pleasant flavour than that arising from malt or molasses, the French brandies are usually preferred to any other spirit; though even in the flavour of brandy there is a difference, according to the wine from which it is produced.

Pure brandy, like any other pure spirit has no colour. Foreign brandy derives its colour from the oak cask, and the intensity of its colour will afford some criterion of its age.

In new brandy there appears to be an uncombined acid, giving it a peculiar taste and quality, which are lost by age. This, says Dr. Paris, explains the reason why the addition of five or six drops of liquor ammoniæ to each bottle of brandy, will impart to it the qualities of that of the oldest date. Nitric Æther when added to malt spirits gives them the flavour of brandy. Brandy is said to be simply cordial and stomachic.

RUM. In the West Indies a spirit is obtained from the juice of the Sugar-cane, which is highly impregnated with its essential oil, and well known by the name of rum. The syrup or mother liquor which remains after the crystallization of sugar is called *molasses*. The coarsest sugar or molasses, when dissolved in water, in the proportion of nearly a pound to the gallon, runs spontaneously into fermentation. When this has arrived at its maximum, the liquor is distilled in the usual manner. In France, the molasses which remain after the making of beet-root sugar, is converted into rum. Rum is said to be heating and sudorific.

GIN. To make this liquor the distillers in this country use grain or molasses; whence they distinguish the products by the names of Malt Spirit, and Molasses Spirit. Barley appears to produce less spirit than wheat. If three parts of raw wheat be mixed with one of malted barley, the produce is said to be particularly fine. But in England, distillers have been expressly prohibited from using more than one part of wheat to two of other grain. Rye affords still more spirit than wheat. Dutch Geneva is obtained from barley, malt, and rye

meal. The peculiar flavour is imparted by a few juniper berries and a few hops.

WHISKY. The practice of the distillers in Scotland, in making malt whisky, is to use one part of bruised malt, with from four to nine parts of barley meal, and a proportion of seeds of oats corresponding to that of the raw grain is infused in a mash tub of cast iron, with from 12 to 13 wine gallons of water at 150 Fab. for every bushel of the mixed farinaceous matter. This mixture yields an equal quantity of spirit, and at a much cheaper rate, than when any other proportions are taken. The highly-prized spirit, which in Ireland is called Potteen whisky, was, till recently, distilled entirely from malt. Gin and Whisky are both diuretic.

All spirits, no matter from what source derived, are, if *pure*, in all respects the same as the liquid known to chemists by the name of alcohol. They are *then* perfectly identical in their nature and composition. One of the objects of rectifying spirits is the removal of the essential oil, which is different in each case.

Each kind of spirit has a peculiarity of operation, owing to the modifying influence of the other elements of the liquid. Brandy when taken raw, or diluted with water, tends to constipate the bowels, and acts most powerfully on the liver. Gin also constipates the bowels, but exerts its influence more upon the kidneys. Rum does not constipate the bowels so much as either of the others: the saccharine matter which it contains probably sheathes the stomach in some degree, and acts as a laxative. Those who confine themselves to good rum, are less emaciated, and hold out longer, than those who confine themselves to brandy or gin. Many, however,

believe that hollands, gin, and whisky are (on account of their diuretic qualities), upon the whole, less deleterious to the constitution than rum or brandy. Some gin-drinkers, before they become materially injured by the habit, grow corpulent. The hydrogen of the spirit is supposed to contribute to this effect. They, afterwards, become extremely thin and meagre; and its effects are such as to have obtained for it, long ago, the appellation of *blue ruin*. But all spirits have their bad effects much diminished by combining them with acids. Hence, of all forms in which spirits are taken, that of Punch is, by far, the most wholesome. Besides the anti-narcotic powers of the acid and the sugar, their admixture favours a more perfect combination, and a mutual penetration of the particles of spirit and water. It is remarked that the drinkers of Toddy become sooner intoxicated than those who drink punch. The salutary influence of the combination of the various ingredients which compose punch, is placed beyond the reach of controversy. Drinkers of punch suffer the least. If, then, we are to drink spirits at all, it is much to be desired that we should bring back, once more, the healthy respectable-looking punch-bowl of the olden time. If we consulted our own interests, we should not be tardy in substituting the social punch-bowl, for the maddening Rummer.

Spirits, like other poisons, when taken in sufficient dose, prove immediately fatal. They appear to destroy the functions of the brain without occasioning that previous stage of excitement induced by smaller doses;—whence coma, and insensibility, are the immediate consequences, and the patient dies apoplectic for want of the respiratory functions.

ADULTERATION. Spirits are sophisticated to an alarming extent. A host of ingredients is purposely mingled with

them, for the fraudulent purpose of adulteration. For aught that we know to the contrary, the substances thus incorporated with spirits, and which, of course, accompany their potation, may modify, and that very materially, the action of the spirits. And, indeed, it is more than probable, that some of the more revolting features which accompany the habitual use of ardent spirits, may justly be attributed to this source. It must never be forgotten, that these unworthy practices are never resorted to by the respectable spirit merchant. Adulterated spirits are chiefly met with in very large towns,—where they are “got up” for the purpose of selling at the low dram shops at a very low price. He, therefore, who would think of entering a low dram-shop, ought to be informed, that he is going to spend his money in buying disease—trouble—headache—and repentance.

DRAMS. Dram-drinking is the inlet to every vice; a practice which both at home and abroad supplies the excitement to crime wherever it takes root. Since the duty on spirits was lessened the practice has increased; a fact, for which we need not travel far in search of proof. Dram-drinking is, indeed, the cause of more vice, and more disease, than any thing else. It is well ascertained that by far the greater number of criminals are dram-drinkers. The drunkard's work is little, and his expenses are great. He sallies forth to commit depredations at a time when he has drunk too much to fear punishment, but not enough to hinder him from provoking it. Criminals confess that they would not be able to perpetrate their crimes if they did not by drams “screw themselves up,” and thus steel their hearts. They, therefore, hurry from riot to robbery, and from robbery to riot. But the love of drams has such control over many, that nothing will deter them. Such is the infatuation which encompasses

them, that no information seems sufficient to remove the film which obscures their discernment. To a sober man, a dram would be found so hot, sharp, and pungent, that his gustatory nerves would be sadly puzzled to tell him what sort of liquor he was drinking. Before a man begins to take drams, he should take the precaution of having his mouth and throat paved with Mosaic.

LIQUEURS.

THESE fascinating, pretty play-things of the palate, are very little more or less than brandy presented in its most alluring garb : a dram in its holy-day coat. They are seldom drunk to excess, for if they were, they would prove more pernicious even than drams, as the vehicle in which the spirit is conveyed, is, in many of them, the result of a distillation from a substance possessing poisonous properties. To enumerate them would be endless. A single house in London has for sale upwards of seventy varieties of foreign liqueurs, some of which are represented as a *bonne bouche* fit for an Emperor. Some of our own, are too luscious for the lingual nerves. A fondness for liqueurs is usually evinced by those persons whose stomachs have been genteelly educated ; who would blush at drinking so vulgar a fluid as brandy, yet feel no qualms on taking the same thing with a mask on.

MEAD.

And Mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of virgin honey, in the jars.

DRYDEN.

MEAD is a wholesome and highly agreeable fermented drink, made of honey and water, sometimes with, and some-

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times without herbs and spices. It was, anciently, much used in Great Britain, and is still used in some of the western parts of the island. Before the introduction of agriculture, it was the only strong liquor known. And among the ancient Britons, and their posterity, it continued to be a favourite beverage long after they had become acquainted with other liquors. When properly prepared, and kept for six or eight months, and then bottled off for use, it is, according to Thoraby, equal to the best foreign wine, and is said to equal Tokay both in strength and flavour. Mead seems to have fallen into unmerited neglect. It is of an agreeable flavour, and is most decidedly both more nutritious and wholesome than any of the spirits already enumerated. Besides all this, it possesses the irresistible recommendation of being loaded with no tax. Were it with difficulty obtained, it would, in all likelihood, be more regarded. Liquors, as well as men, owe much to their names.

CYDER.

Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let Cyder, new-wash sorrow from thy soul.

GAY.

CYDER is a liquor prepared from the juice of apples, by fermentation, and was known in England at a very early period. At the present day it is much used in some counties. Hereford, was in the time of Edward the Confessor, celebrated for its cyder, and time has not diminished its reputation. A wine is also made from the juice of apples taken from the press and boiled, and which if kept three or four years, is said to resemble Rhenish. It has so happened that the author of these pages has had numerous opportunities

of tasting the celebrated cyder made in Normandy, but was never able to discover that it had anything "cheery" in it.

MUM.

The clam'rous crowd, is hushed with mugs of Mum,
Till all tuned equal, send a general hum.

POPE.

THAT this liquor was formerly much drunk in this country, the lines of the poet furnish sufficient evidence. It is a kind of malt liquor, which has been almost entirely superseded by ale. It is, however, still much drunk in Germany, and the best is brought from Brunswick. It is made of wheat and malt (7 bushels to 63 gallons of water) with a small proportion of oatmeal and ground beans. It ought to be kept two years.

MALT LIQUOR,

Oh ! the rare virtues of this Barley-broth,
To rich and poor, it's meat—and drink—and cloth.

VIRTUES OF YORKSHIRE ALE.

WE shall now pay a pop-visit to Sir John Barleycorn. Nations to which nature has denied the richer juice of the grape, have in all ages, cultivated some kind of substitute. Hence, the fertility of the soil in grain, put the Egyptians upon drinking ale, of which they have the credit of being the inventors. Ale is said to have been first made at Pelusium, (a place situated on one of the mouths of the Nile), about 1200 years before the Christian era. Of this Pelusian liquor, or barley-wine (for it bore both names), there were two kinds; the one called *carmi* being sweet and glutinous, the other named *erythum* seems to have had some resemblance to modern beer. For our present purpose it may be sufficient to mention, that in the history of ancient customs and festivities in England, ale is to be traced in every record. In the ninth century, lands were held at a rental which included two tuns of clear ale, a hundred loaves, and ten mittan of Welsh ale. A comb full of a sort of ale called *Lithes* or mild ale, is mentioned in Dugdale's Monasticon, as reserved in a grant of Offa. In Church history, ale is variously denominated. From the predominance of this old English beverage in the feasts of the people, we have the terms bridal-ale, leet-ale, lamb-ale, whitsun-ale, &c. denoting respectively

a wedding feast, an entertainment at the court-leet of a manor, a lamb-shearing, &c.

Ale, beer, or barley wine, as it formerly was called, is a beverage peculiarly English ; but what with the poverty of the lower classes—the lowering of wages—the heavy tax on the barley when made into malt—and the tax upon hops, home-brewed ale is not so generally drunk as it ought to be. Owing to the excess of taxation, the use of malt has declined as the population of the country has increased ; the consumption being less by nearly 300,000 quarters in 1828 when the population amounted to upwards of 13,000,000, than it was in 1787 when it did not amount to 8,000,000. This will not excite any great surprise when it is stated, that the duty on malt liquor, amounted altogether, till recently, to 175 per cent on its value !

Ale is a liquor to which the climate of England seems peculiarly adapted. It can be kept for almost any length of time ; liquor of various degrees of strength can be drawn from the same material, and that too in any quantity large or small, as may best suit either the wants or wishes of the party. Of all the drinks known, none can equal home-brewed malt liquor for the labouring man. Ale is liquid bread ; and happy would it be, if the British labourer could be enabled to return to the beverage of his ancestors, and the foaming tankard of nut-brown ale, be replaced upon his board.

This wine of grain is distinguished by containing a large portion of mucilage and saccharine matter ;—by an invigorating bitter with which it is charged ;—by a small proportion of alcohol ;—and by the absence of super-tartrate of potash, a salt found in all wines expressed from the grape. The hop, when too much is not used (which is often the case),

has a beneficial tendency : it slightly invigorates the stomach, and promotes digestion, and in some degree counteracts any bad effects which the beverage may possess. Malt liquor *nourishes*, whilst drams *excite* and increase action without supplying expenditure. The stimulant power of malt liquor is less, and its nutrant power greater. Ardent spirits when habitually taken to excess, rapidly incapacitate the digestive organs, and soon destroy the appetite altogether. Malt liquor when taken in the same excess, also destroys the powers of digestion ; but then its stimulant power being so much less than that of drams, and its nutrant matter so much greater, the bad effects are not so speedily felt, and are not so distressing when they are felt. The difference betwixt a pint of honest ale and a glass of gin, bears some analogy to the difference to a horse betwixt a feed of corn and the application of the spur. The one gives what is wanted, solid support ;—the other merely excites to action, which is very soon followed by proportional exhaustion and fatigue.

Porter was first introduced about the year 1730, and its manufacture has been subject to all the changes which capricious taste could devise. It was soon found that the best method of making porter appear old, was to mix porter that had become sour, with a certain quantity of fresh drink. Hence two separate hogsheads were provided, the one supplied with sour, the other with fresh drink. At last, public houses had small hydraulic engines fitted up, and by means of two or three pumps, drink of any age required could be drawn from the cellar ready made ! Before the year 1730, the malt liquors in general use in London, were ale, beer, and two-penny, and it was the custom to call for a pint of half and half, that is, half of ale and half of beer, or half of ale and half of two-penny. Afterwards it was customary to call for

a pint of *three threads*, meaning a third of ale, beer, and two-penny: thus the publican had to go to three casks for a pint of liquor. A Brewer of the name of Harewood succeeded in making a liquor which partook of the united flavours of ale, beer, and two-penny. It was called *Entire Butt*, meaning it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt, and as it was a hearty nourishing liquor in great request amongst the street porters of London, it obtained the name of porter.

ADULTERATION. Beer, ale, and porter are adulterated to a great extent. If we taste twenty different ales the flavour of scarcely any two is at all alike, which sufficiently proves that there are various methods of brewing, or rather *making* even this our old national beverage. The ingredients with which malt liquors are sophisticated are numerous. The most common are quassia, hyoscyamus (henbane), belladonna (deadly night shade), cocculus indicus (commonly called fuddle berry), &c.—It is more than probable that opium, or some similar drug is used, which acts specifically in distending the vessels of the brain, and in this way becomes a powerful exciting cause of palsy and apoplexy, diseases which have certainly increased of late years.

The influence of wine, spirits, and ale, may be summed up in this way: wine courteously *solicits*;—drams rudely *extort*;—malt liquor generously *gives*.

The culture of the hop plant was introduced into England from Flanders in 1524, and the strobiles were first used for preserving English beer in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII; but the prejudice against them was so considerable, that the city of London, a hundred years afterwards, petitioned the parliament to prevent their use! The valuable properties of the hop do not reside in the leaves themselves—but in an impalpable yellow powder peculiar to the female plant. This substance is called *Lupulin*.

OPIUM.

INTOXICATION accompanied with the most pleasurable emotions, is produced by this most wonderful and alluring drug. So entrancing, indeed, are the extacies produced by opium,—such the exquisite pleasure derived by this mode of fascinating the sensations, that he who has drunk of this Circean cup will for ever renounce the gross and grovelling enjoyments of alcohol. Such being its delights, it is no wonder that those who have been accustomed to its influence should feel such reluctance to relinquish it, which in fact, they seldom or never do, for the want of it is the acme of human misery. He, therefore, who has been seduced into this ruinous habit, and who continues it under the notion that he can abandon it at pleasure, will find himself in the sequel most grievously mistaken. He will find that to emancipate himself from its delicious thralldom is no such easy matter; for it is nothing less than an attempt to decapitate a Hydra.

In Turkey, Syria and China, opium has long been used for the purpose of exhilarating the spirits, and there is, unhappily, but too much reason to believe, that the number of those who in this country worship at its shrine is by no means inconsiderable. A few years ago there was published in the London Magazine, the "Confessions of an English Opium-eater," written with such power and feeling, that it is not too much to say that few things of more enchaining interest ever issued from the periodical press. It has been asserted that the appearance of the "Confessions" has materially tended to increase the number of devotees to this

baneful practice. Whether the assertion be borne out by the fact, I know not: but after perusing the confessions the impression upon my mind was that the pleasure accruing, seemed to be so much more tempting than the pains deterring, as to give a decided turn in favour of the practice. The impression which the writer intended to convey, was doubtless, one diametrically opposite. Pleasure naturally arrays itself in more impassioned language than pain.

There are several classes of persons who take opium or laudanum without medical advice;—first, Parliamentary Speakers—Barristers—Lecturers and Students, and in short, many of those who have to perform great intellectual tasks; secondly, nervous individuals, who resort to it to tranquillize that tremulous and morbid susceptibility of impression which so frequently distresses them;—thirdly, the poor, who employ it as a cheap mode of producing intoxication;—fourthly, the Amateur-eaters or laudanum Debauchees;—and lastly, a few fashionable ladies who take it for the purpose of animating languor, or elevating depression, and who take a dose before going into any party where they wish to fascinate by their conversation.

Opium is the only medicine which most certainly controls or subdues pain. But it does more than this, it imparts to the mind a delightful tranquillity. The exhilarating effect of opium is very unlike that of wine or spirits; for the head is unaffected—the faculties bright and clear—the body active and vigorous. Opium does not, in general, as wine is apt to do, raise a tumult of the feelings, or involve the intellect in clouds; but acts more like oil poured upon a tumultuous sea. Instead of lowering man to a level with the beasts, it often invests him for a time, with the consciousness, and at least fancied attributes, of a superior being. Nor is this a fallacy:

men actually act, speak, and write better, under the influence of opium: hence its liberal use amongst celebrated public characters. Bad as the practice is,—and that it is a very bad one, must be admitted,—yet still, it is not half so deadly as immoderate drinking.

The “English Opium Eater” wished to redeem himself from the delicious thralldom of the drug, but this he found no easy task. He resolved to abjure opium, and the necessity for doing so, became more apparent every month. The symptoms during the first six weeks of the experiment, were these;—enormous irritability and excitement of the whole system: the stomach, in particular, was restored to a full feeling of vitality and sensibility: but often in great pain: unceasing restlessness night and day:—“sleep—I scarcely knew what it was, three hours out of the twenty-four, was the utmost I had, and that so agitated and shallow, that I heard every sound that was near me: the lower jaw constantly swelling:—mouth ulcerated:—and many other distressing symptoms that would be tedious to repeat. Amongst these, however, I must mention one, because it had never failed to accompany any attempt to renounce opium, viz. violent sternutation: this now became exceedingly troublesome: sometimes lasting for two hours at once, and recurring, at least, twice or three times a day. I was not much surprised at this, on recollecting what I had somewhere heard or read, that the membrane which lines the nostrils, is a prolongation of that which lines the stomach; whence, I believe, are explained, the inflammatory appearances about the nostrils of dram-drinkers. The sudden restoration of its original sensibility, to the stomach, expressed itself, I suppose, in this way.” Such is the account of a talented gentleman, who used to fix beforehand, how often within a

given time, and when, he would commit a debauch of opium. In the beginning, this was seldom more than once in three weeks, for at that time he did not venture to call every day (as he did afterwards), for "a glass of laudanum-negus, warm, and without sugar!"

Mustapha Shatoor, an opium-eater in Smyrna, took daily, three drachms of crude opium. The visible effects at the time, were the sparkling of his eyes, and great exhilaration of spirits. He found the desire of increasing his dose growing upon him. He seemed twenty years older than he really was;—his complexion was very sallow;—his legs small;—his gums eaten away, and his teeth laid bare to their sockets. He could not rise without first swallowing half a drachm of opium.

Dr. Todd Thompson of London, was consulted by a lady, who took a wine pint and a half of laudanum, *every week*, and who, as she began to experience its bad effects on her constitution, was anxious to discontinue it, but was uncertain how to proceed.

The celebrated author of the Stimulative, or as it is called after him, Brunonian system of medicine, presented in his own life, a melancholy example of the delusive effects of artificial excitement. So enervated had his frame become by habitual excess in the use of ardent spirits, that when he lectured to his students, it was with a bottle of whisky on one side, and a phial of laudanum on the other. Before he began to lecture, he would take 40 or 50 drops of laudanum, in a glass of whisky, and during the delivery of it, repeat the dose, at least, four or five times. Acted upon by those stimulants, he soon waxed warm: and by degrees, his imagination was exalted to phrenzy. As was once said of him, in the words of the poet:—

The happiest he, of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could such folly last.

But the author of the "Confessions" carried the use of the drug to that extent, that he required the exhilaration of 8,000 drops, or 320 grains, *per day*, to support even the comfort of existence. But a terrible retaliation followed. Opium possessed him like an evil spirit, and it made the night, the time of its most exquisite inflictions, scaring him with dreams, and haunting him with horrors, of which no language, but his own, can give an adequate idea.

The use of opium, is often begun, merely with a view to relieve or control bodily pain, till at length, it is found that it not only does this, but also imparts positive pleasure. It would be well, if a drug which is so liable to become a part of the daily regimen of an hypochondriacal invalid, (and which often renders him incurable such,) was never used in any form or quantity, except under the especial sanction of professional authority: and it may, at least, be doubted, whether even the sanction of professional authority, be not in general, too carelessly, and too lightly lent, to the employment of a medicine, the application of whose extraordinary powers, ought to be reserved for occasions of proportionate emergency. A late fashionable Physician, used to carry quarter-grain pills of opium in a gold box, which he offered to nervous invalids as other people offer their snuff-box.

The primary operation of opium, is that of a powerful and diffusible stimulant, which is immediately followed by narcotic and sedative effects; either of which effects may be rendered manifest, by the extent of the dose in which it is exhibited.* In moderate doses, it increases the fullness, force,

* During the severe campaigns of the late war, the Surgeons of the French army were in the practice of administering opium and cayenne pepper to the soldiers who were exhausted by fatigue.

and frequency of the pulse—augments the heat of the body—quickens respiration—and imparts vigour, both to the corporeal and mental functions. But all the secretions and excretions, except that of the skin, are diminished. An adequate dose, lulls pain, and gives a delightful serenity of mind, within an hour. By daily repetition its alleviating influence becomes less and less observable; and a person who should begin with fifty drops, might, at the expiration of twelve months, require eight or nine drachms to produce the same effects. Its first effects are succeeded by head-ache, sickness, thirst, tremors, and some of those symptoms which sometimes supervene upon the excessive use of ardent spirits.

But in truth, most persons must serve an apprenticeship of head-aches, and sicknesses, before they can master the art of deriving enjoyment from this drug.

" When once their pates with wine are fraught
 Their limbs begin to totter,
 Their speech is check'd, confus'd each thought,
 Each passion too grows hotter;
 With stuttering tongue and staring eye
 They hiccup mutual wrath and obloquy."

Our modern poets seem to have followed up the theme, for they have made the welkin ring with its praises. We are told by the poet of the "Emerald Isle" that—

" If with water you fill up your glasse
 You'll never write any thing wise,"

The talented Sheridan condescended to solicit the aid of wine: when said he, " a thought is slow to come, a glass of good wine helps it, and when it does come, a glass of wine rewards it." Inclination is a skillful sophist. The theme, in point of fact, seems to descend as an inheritance, and has been banded about even by the paupers in the parish of poetry.

We are not, however, to suppose that all the expressions concerning wine and genius are meant to be understood literally. Something must be allowed for poetry, which has its phraseology. The truth appears to be, that each poet used poetical terms of praise for whatever liquor happened to make him happy or drunk. Thus Burns has lauded his Sir John Barleycorn, and Carolan and Dermody their Potteen. In accordance with this view of the matter, succeeding ages might suppose that whisky was the rival of nectar, and that like it, was of such tenuity as to pass off by transpiration, diffusing around it rich perfumes! Whether when the fancy was thus in a "fine phrenzy rolling" the fire of their verses were always in accordance with the warmth of their devotion, may well be doubted. To such a question, the answer would, in all likelihood, be anything but triumphant.

converse. On a black drizzling day, that blots out the face of things, one is often induced to take every opportunity of dismissing the mind from duty. Those who remain in frozen celibacy, having nothing within that can entertain, or employ them, are compelled to try all the arts of destroying time; and a recourse to the bottle, is one of the numberless expedients practised by this class of mortals to alleviate the burthen of life.

One cause of drunkenness which ought not to be omitted, is the immense number of dram-shops which now deform the land, and until they are reduced, disease and distress must stalk abroad in our streets. The difference between three dram-shops and six, would, most certainly, turn many drunken, into sober men. The most effectual way to wean from crimes, is by lessening the temptation to commit them.

The soldier and the sailor get drunk whilst narrating the dangers of the battle and the storm. The sailor, perhaps more frequently than the soldier. Sailors are seldom quite so fond of water as their old father Neptune; but relish their grog, whether at sea or on shore, all the better, for having like themselves, a sufficiency of spirit.

Genius and talent try to forget in wine the outrages of fortune, and the ingratitude of the world. Men of talent feel misfortunes more acutely than other men. The mind, in proportion as it is expanded, exposes a larger surface to impression.

The causes already enumerated, are those which most frequently lead to the habit of drunkenness. The causes of an occasional debauch are so numerous, as to set all classification at defiance. The following, however, may be mentioned. The most common cause, and the most natural, is that drinking promotes society and conversation. That it

does so, is unquestionable: it stimulates torpor into action—removes timidity—manifests joy—or induces forgetfulness of sorrows. Those who are not overburthened with caution, are overborne with importunity. A man's resolution may, perhaps, be already at half-cock, and in that case, no great persuasion is necessary. By diligent solicitation he soon begins to find his constancy relax, or his detestation soften.

The bottle is often called in, as an auxiliary against the intrusion of thought. Afraid of the intrusion if some unpleasing ideas, or perhaps, struggling to escape from the remembrance of a loss, or the fear of a calamity, the aid of the bottle is solicited. Or, seized with a fit of uncomfortableness, by wine it is attempted to neutralize or soften some of those little miseries, which way-lay our passage through the world. For a while one is flattered by pleasing hopes; for the future is pliant and ductile, and will be easily moulded by an excited fancy into any form.

Some men have imbibed the strange notion, that if they are able to drink-down the company, it is a proof of superior manhood, and a sure sign of a strong brain. Ability to drink an inordinate quantity, proves nothing that I know of, except a superior capacity for stowage.

Some drink for the love of imitation;—some from the fear of singularity;—some from the deference due to custom, A numerous class drink from sheer ignorance of the baneful effects of perpetual stimuli upon the general frame. Many other causes might be urged, each of which could furnish its apology. But indeed, it matters little, where temptation comes from; if the man to be tempted be ripe for ruin, any wind may shake him off the tree of steadfastness.

Wine is the opener of hearts—the harbinger of truth, and as it prompts to the enunciation of the most extravagant fictions, has been termed the very soul of poetry. Yet after all the praises so profusely lavished upon wine, we can scarcely help calling into question the judgment of the ancients in wines; and also to doubt the excellence of those which they have so mightily lauded. What, for instance, can we think of the Greek practice of mixing turpentine with their wines? This practice, by the way, is followed by the modern Greeks to this day. The Roman custom of mixing salt water with theirs, is still more unintelligible. What rays of genius, turpentine and salt water could elicit, is not so easy to discover. But whatever might be the composition of their wines, and however much we may be disposed to question their knowledge in the gastronomy of flavours, this much is certain, that the Lyrics we owe to their genius, when confessedly under the inspiration of wine, furnish proof of its powers of occasionally elevating the fancy, and raising that soft tumult of the soul which enables it to create a world of its own, and to pour forth its conceptions in the sublimest and most harmonious strains.

That the “tuneful throng” should have ranged themselves under the banners of Bacchus, is no great marvel. But, what shall we say to Philosophers, Critics, and even Physicians taking the tippler’s part? The philosophical Montaigne adduces numerous arguments in favour of wine. Seneca, notwithstanding his declaration that inebriety is nothing else than voluntary insanity, carries his complacency so far as to advise men of enlarged minds to indulge freely in the bottle. “Nonnunquam usque ad ebrietatem veniendum, non ut mergat nos, sed ut deprimat curas,” sometimes we may extend our draught even to intoxication,

not that the wine may drown us, but that it may drown our cares. It was for that purpose, we are to suppose, that Cato had such frequent recourse to the bottle. Solon considered a glass of wine as a remedy against many disorders, and as an antidote to grief. Plato rigidly severe against the use of wine for the young, yet invites men of forty years of age, to take a cheerful glass. We are taught by Celsus, that health is best preserved by avoiding settled habits of life, and deviating sometimes into slight aberrations from the laws of medicine. Haller and Hoffman both distinguished physicians, and eminent for their piety and learning, consider wine as favourable to the effusions of the poet. Hoffman remarks that nations who use wine, are more ingenious than other men, and that the liberal arts, or learned studies, do no where flourish more than in those places where wine is used. These assertions certainly derive some portion of colourable support if we reflect upon the unrivalled talents for the fine arts which the ancient Greeks possessed.

To enumerate the eminent individuals who have by the fumes of wine obscured their talents, and clouded their understanding would be endless. Even philosophers, it appears, have not been able to resist the allurements of wine, but forgetting in their social hours, the salutary rule, that to forbear is to enjoy, have too frequently obscured their genius, and stained their reputation by habitual inebriety. All these inordinate praises of the spirit of the grape, we are compelled to admit, have had some share in perpetuating the dominion of Bacchus.

But Sylvius, a French physician, has gone a step further, by writing an eulogium on drunkenness. Amongst the many reasons for drinking which he adduces, is this, that we ought to get drunk because the practice is very ancient! That it

is very ancient is undeniable ; murder also may claim a high antiquity, but I do not remember that any body has ever recommended it on that account. He states that we ought to get drunk once a month ;—

“ Qu’ il faut à chaque mois,
Du moins s’enyvrer une fois.”

In France this opinion has passed into a proverb, and in this country it is a prevailing notion, that an occasional, or even a periodical debauch in drink is salutary. Dr. Cadogan (who lived to a great age) is said not only to have approved of the theory, but to have adopted the practice. The proverb itself, is by some, fathered upon Hippocrates, perhaps, with no very good reason. That a few feel themselves benefitted by what they term a “jollyfication” is certainly true. But this never happens, except the debauch is accompanied with vomiting ; and the succeeding hilarity, elasticity of spirits, and general good health (of those favoured few) may fairly be placed on that side of the reckoning. The same author has thought it worth his while to leave us half a dozen rules for drinking ; and if we are to have any rules at all upon such a subject, I do not know they can well be mended. In fact, they are excellent ; and I am disposed to regard them as the only part of his treatise which is worth remembering, and under this impression I have introduced them.

Sylvius’s rules for drinking.* 1. Seldom, 2. In good company. 3. With good wine. 4. At a proper season. 5. Force no body to drink. 6. Do not push intoxication too far.

* Regles qu’on doit garder en s’enyvrant. 1. Passouvent. 2. En bonne compagnie. 3. Avec du bon vin. 4. En tems convenable. 5. Ne forcer personne à boire. 6. Ne pousser pas l’ivresse trop loin.

A British Bacchanalian (Dr. Alridge of convivial memory), has left us a latin epigram, which says that there are five reasons for drinking. Of this precious *morceau* the following is the pith:—

A friend—good wine—or being dry,
Or lest you should be, by and by,
Or any other reason why.

Such is its appearance in an English dress.

In truth, we are perpetually importuned by the bacchanalian writers to lay hold of the present hour, and to remember that the future is not at our command. Yet in their laudatory effusions as to the delights of wine, it somehow or other happens, that the whole of them forget to tell what it is essential should be known, namely:—that with the delights of wine, as with the other pleasures of sense, when indulged in too freely, they lose their sweetest charm; and are always relished most by those who have sufficient self-command to use them in moderation.

Sir W. Temple has left us some very strong persuasives to temperance. The limits to which he confined himself, were “one glass for himself—one for his friends—and another for his enemies.” The Spectator says, that in his time, some people for the word *glass* were inclined to read *bottle*.

Dr. Curry of Guy’s Hospital used to say, that he knew of no reason why a man should drink at all, except he was thirsty. Now this is temperance *above proof*, and much *too strong* for poor weak society, as it is at present constituted. What a revolution would be wrought in the world, if every man’s conduct was regulated by this precept! Why, it is enough to make one thirsty to think of it! There is a time for all things; and amongst the rest, a time to enjoy the few hours of festivity and hilarity which are permitted to mortals

in this transitory and chequered sojourn upon earth. Those who pass cheerfully through life, have, in general, the most healthy appearance, and every characteristic of long life. They not only live longer than others, but what is of much greater consequence, they live more happily. He who affects to despise all mirth, ought to be regarded in much the same light as the deaf man who depreciates the melodies he cannot hear. Besides, there exists no evidence to prove, that a temperate use of good wine, when taken at seasonable hours, has ever proved injurious to healthy adults.

Great stress has been laid upon the doctrines of Lewis Cornaro, a noble Venetian, who lived an hundred years. This man restricted himself as to the quantity and quality of his food and drink. We are told that he avoided cold—fatigue—grief (the lucky dog)—watching, and every other excess. Now, I could never envy the life of this man. Out of courtesy we may call it *living*, but in my thinking, it was but existing. To one man like Cornaro, who lived so long with such strict diet, numerous names might be brought forward of men who have lived longer, without all his scruples. Individual constitutions differ much; and Cornaro's quantum of twelve ounces of food, in the twenty-four hours, would kill as many as it would cure. The diet of a ploughman would oppress the digestive and vital organs of a sedentary person, and a spare diet would not support a hard labouring man. The decree then which ordains that each individual should confine himself to four ounces of food, three or four times a day, to be taken *without drink*, is as dainty a bit of foolery as ever was promulgated. The stomach has a code of laws of its own; and though it only speaks by signs, those signs ought to be readily obeyed by every one. A parliamentary enactment, would be quite as reasonable as a

tabular regulation, for the quality and quantity of aliment which people are to consume. The maxim too, of not drinking till *four hours* after dinner, is both impracticable and unphilosophical. The sensation of thirst must be attended to, whether at, or after dinner.

We must not confound the use of a good with its abuse; nor reject moderate enjoyment, because excessive enjoyment is pernicious. All those, therefore, who voluntarily starve themselves in the granary of plenty, are most heartily welcome to all the gratification derivable from such a source. Far from me and my friends be removed, all examples of such ultra-austerity, and Pythagorean fare.

That there is a middle path, which it is every man's duty to find, and to keep when it is found, is unanimously confessed; but then it is also acknowledged, that this middle path is so narrow, that it cannot readily be discovered, and so little trodden, that there are few certain marks by which it can be followed.

What then, is the prime mover towards Civic association? To this question, Dr. James Johnson replies, that it is the interchange of ideas, or the desire of intellectual intercourse. Every man seeks opportunities for collecting or transmitting ideas:—it is the strongest, earliest, latest, and steadiest impulse, or propensity, implanted in the mind of man: and of woman too. It is certain, indeed, that civic association, or the *congregation* of people any where, has a tendency towards Bacchanalian indulgences.

Formerly, one of the most frequent causes of intoxication, was the great feasts and public dinners in which our forefathers so delighted to indulge. At present, however, this cannot be enumerated as a very frequent cause. Drunkenness is no longer a vice that men "are wont to glory in."

A more frequent cause of an occasional debauch, is the "friendly dinner" (*diner d'ami*);—that dinner which draws from an Englishman's cellar its oldest bottle of wine, and from his heart its oldest story. In England, the tree of hospitality is seldom out of blossom; and at the friendly dinner, one is always happy because we are permitted to enjoy our happiness in our own way, and because we feel ourselves as welcome as the flowers in May. It is here that we forget the irritating and vexing littlenesses of life—it is here that we once more contemplate life as an enchanting scene, inviting to action—pregnant with pleasure—and rich in hope. Give me, then, the friendly dinner, where hospitality is caterer;—where hearty welcome is the cook;—where sincerity is president of the board;—and where ceremony, is not even second-cousin to the family.

I am not ascetic enough, to think with some, that the practice of taking wine at dinner, is a regular initiation to tippling; although it cannot help but have in some cases, an injurious tendency. In parties where all the company are well tinctured with the mirth in season, and each seems desirous of making the vintage of his wit as rich as possible, it certainly sometimes happens, that in draining the cup of memory to a friend, one drinks till he finds oblivion at the bottom. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate so far from his true interests, as to become intoxicated. But the presence of cheerful companions, and well-filled decanters, are seductions, which, like the apples of Atalanta constantly draw us aside from the course we had intended to pursue.

In the upper ranks of life, intoxication prevails but to a very limited extent. Three-bottle-men, are a race almost

extinct. A drunken habit would operate as a deserved exclusion from all respectable society. Few of the "Corinthian capitals" of polished society, ever "unlace their reputation thus," the anathema of vulgarity having long been stamped upon the practice. A few glasses of wine after dinner, has now become one of the gastronomic indications of a Gentleman. 'This laudable change in the habits, is partly, if not principally owing, to the overwhelming influence of fashion, which has effected more than any thing else could. Few enterprises are so hopeless as a contest with the fashion.

In the lower grades of society, the habit prevails to an extent truly lamentable. But we are, perhaps, but too prone to form our judgment of the general deportment of the poor, from a casual observation of a few intoxicated individuals, who are seen in the most frequented places, or floundering in the streets. Now these, are no more to be taken as examples of the body of the labouring poor, than a comet is to be regarded as a specimen of the rest of the Solar system. Vice is barefaced, and boldly obtrudes itself upon the public eye; whereas modest worth shuns the public gaze, frequents the most solitary avenues, and humbly secludes itself in miserable courts and alleys. It is in these abodes that sorrows and sufferings are truly unveiled:—it is here that we see how the chain of poverty has its various links—and the cup of bitterness its various dregs. One vicious man, therefore, becomes more conspicuous than a thousand good ones. When the distresses of the indigent are considered—when they behold the affluence, ease, and indulgence of their superiors—when, in spite of their utmost industry they can with difficulty support their families—and when sickness and disappointments supervene, we ought rather to wonder that the instances of their misconduct should be so rare. Perhaps,

indeed, the excessive dissipation, which is the bane of the manufacturing class, may be ascribed to previous excessive exertion : is it not the recoil of the bow which has been but too forcibly bent ?

Yet even poverty itself, is sometimes a preventative against despair. Many are too miserable to be melancholy : their attention is rivetted, by necessity, to the immediate hour. And, after all, the labour of the poor man relieves him, at least, from the burthen of fashionable ennui, which may not improperly be termed, the malady of those who languish in health, and repine in plenty.

The lamentable number of unfortunate females, who infest our streets, have many of them, to date not only their first deviation from virtue, but also their subsequent continuance in vice, to dram-drinking. They fly to a dram to drown reflection, to lull the memory of misfortune, or to appease the throbbings of anguish. Pleasure warbles the song of invitation, and they have many reasons to incline them to pursue, what to them appears a track so smooth and flowery. By stimulants of this kind, they attempt to smooth the road to perdition, to cover with flowers the thorns of guilt, to teach temptation sweeter notes—softer blandishments—and stronger allurements.

Thirst, one would naturally suppose, was of all causes by far the most likely to produce drunkenness. Simple or natural thirst, the instinctive and to a certain extent the pleasurable feeling, by which we are led to drink in order to repair the waste which the exercise of the bodily functions necessarily occasions, is rarely, if ever, a cause of inebriety. But immoderate or morbid thirst, is a frequent cause. Morbid thirst may be produced by habit : thus drunkards by frequent drinking, produce vehement or almost inextinguish-

able thirst; thirst, like every other pleasurable sensation, when raised to an extreme, becomes acutely painful. In this way we can partly account for drunkards being early risers, they cannot rest in bed—their whole being burns for a dram. The passions of the mind, likewise, produce thirst. Again, any thing which impairs the appetite produces thirst; for hunger and thirst, are, in a great measure incompatible sensations. A knowledge of these facts gives us a clue by which we may, perhaps, unravel the mystery of confirmed drunkards being seldom or never reclaimed. Here we have the force of habit,—the effervescence of the passions—and a depraved appetite, singularly combining to produce and foster a morbid feeling;—a feeling to which every day lends additional powers, and which step by step, becomes at last so powerful as to be uncontrollable by reason. Many, however, drink, not because they are thirsty, either from a natural or morbid sensation, but “lest they should be, by-and-by.” Ennui has made more drunkards than thirst.

Some evince a constitutional proneness to thirst, and an instinctive urgency to quench it by intoxicating fluids. The antediluvian beverage not being to their taste, they scruple not to affirm that the best authenticated stories of water-drinkers, are very apocryphal. They are governed by the palate, and like their prototype Philoxenus, wish for the neck of a crane, in order to prolong their pleasures! In them, the propensity rules with such irresistible sway that we can scarcely forbear attributing it to a morbid germ which has grown up with the constitution, and been transmitted from parent to progeny. It seems engrafted upon the frame; and when to this is superadded the power of custom, it is almost needless to mention, that any attempt to reclaim them; is as chimerical as any thing in More's Utopia. The absence of

their accustomed stimulant withers them; just as dry weather tarnishes the face of nature. A man of this cast in whom the habit is firmly rivetted, and who has not the means of indulging his darling passion, will condescend to billet himself upon his acquaintance—sail in the wake of some bon-vivant, or have recourse to any stratagem, by which the dear liquor may be obtained. At table one good joke follows another good joke, but the best joke of all, is generally begun towards the end of a bottle.

However inexplicable it may be, it is, nevertheless, quite certain, that vicious propensities are as easily propagable as corporeal form, and other circumstances. The example of the father also, must have immense influence on the mind of the child. Can we marvel when the father is a drunkard, that the son should slide into a sot? If the vice under consideration be not nipt in the bud, it will quickly acquire such strength, as to bid defiance to all future loppings. Some first learn to drink, by having been in the way of hearing fine wines praised; a practice which makes a lasting impression upon young minds. In this way they early imbibe a taste for the joys of the bacchanalian board, and pride themselves upon the acumen which they possess in wines. Still worse is the custom of giving wine to children, a practice by which the tone of the digestive organs is deteriorated—their functions altered, and in some cases, turbulent passions and dispositions engendered, or developed.

Idleness is a most productive cause of intoxication. We shall not overshoot the mark by stating that from this cause springs more drunkards than from all other causes put together. The Turks have a proverb which says “that the devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil.” To live, says Rousseau, is not merely to *breathe*—it is to *act*;

and much good might be done in those shreds and patches of time which every day produces, and which usually are thrown away. Want of occupation is with many the main spring of intoxication; for when a man has nothing to do, he too often tries to fill up his time by filling up his stomach. In remote situations, where the dull monotony of life is not diversified by literature—where there is a want of social and literary agréments, a languor and lassitude is produced, a “*vis inertia*” prevails, and individuals sometimes yield to the pleasures of the table from not having better resources for the disposal of their time. One idle man likes to bring another within the same vortex. What was begun to relieve the ennui of indolence, is afterwards continued as an useful opponent to troublesome reflection.

Next comes the sad, the melancholy class;—they whose hopes are forever blasted;—the children of misfortune. A great number of fine noble-hearted fellows are induced to drink from misfortune. In many cases of mental chagrin, arising from disappointed ambition, or in the thousand little rubs and vexations in life which tend to fret away happiness, individuals fly to drink to drown reflection, solace vexation, or invigorate hope. This system persevered in, brings on a lamentable train of mental and bodily discomforts. Some men in this class have feelings exquisitely delicate, and the little troubles which inevitably occur amidst the turmoil of life, unhinge them beyond measure. As soon as any obstacle starts up as a barrier in the vista of hope, they become desponding, and many of them droop under the silent but withering influence of the depressing passions. These men are scarcely fitted to elbow their way in the world. Dejection on one hand, calls for the cheering draught; pleasure on the other, presents the sparkling cup. Wine can, for a time, dress out

the distant prospect in fancied beauty; and some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons to pursue. Yet they often laugh with a heavy heart. Mirth and a heavy heart, often meet together: hence the propriety of Solomon's observation, that "in the midst of laughter the heart is sad."

In these mistaken attempts to repel misfortune, or to disperse the cloud that darkens their horizon, they purchase a fleeting gratification and of subordinate value, at an expense of permanent and substantial happiness. Into their cup of enjoyment, disease is always dropping something bitter.

Still, those fine spirits are frequently too severely censured. They are clever, high-minded, talented, faulty human beings, whose characters (like the noblest works of human composition) should be determined by their excellencies, and not by their defects. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks the greater weight it has to sustain.

Unexpected opulence, has in some instances produced the habit. Some men have in this way become victims to what is termed their "good luck." In the lottery of human life, as in other lotteries, as mischievous effects have occasionally arisen from the prizes as the blanks. One half of mankind, nevertheless, would not object to having their sobriety put to the test by prosperity.

Some men who have become affluent in laborious occupations are induced to indulge themselves in the pleasures of the table. In those persons this inclination especially occurs, rather beyond the middle period of life. Seduced by the soft approaches of temptation, they easily follow the current of fancy, and every act of compliance, facilitates a second compliance. A *certain* quantity of wine, they say, can do no

harm. Certainly not. It is the *uncertain* quantity which does all the mischief.

Some modification of alcohol, as wine, or brandy and water, is taken by a few as a part of their constant diet; a practice for which some have the sanction of medical authority. For the most part, this practice is adopted as a temporary relief from certain degrees of mental and bodily torpor, which they have not the fortitude to sustain, or the patience to relieve by slower, but more effectual means. Many people take frequent drams under one shape or other, to relieve uneasiness at the stomach, or lowness of spirits, without at all suspecting that they are doing any harm. Disguised or medicated *drams*, which quack impostures palm upon the public as nervous cordials, balsams, &c. are neither more nor less than portions of coloured whisky. These too, can be taken without that moral compunction and reproach, with which potions of vulgar gin or rum are usually stigmatized. It is painful to hear this practice palliated by all the artifices of self-deceit.

In the country a bargain is seldom rightly cemented without a glass. As a *dry* bargain is always considered as a bad bargain, it is thought right to moisten it a little. Over a glass, a man does not clog the bargain with so many scruples;—but discards all the troublesome scrupulosity which may stand so grievously in the way.

Amongst gamesters drinking is used as a bait to circumvent. By the bottle it is attempted to embellish folly.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and conversation. The privation of pleasure without, naturally causes an effort to find entertainment within. As the day shortens, and the hours of darkness increase, the domestic affections are awakened anew, by a closer and more lengthened

PHENOMENA,
OR
SYMPTOMS OF INTOXICATION.

And wine, the warder of the soul, who keeps
The key of jollity, while reason sleeps,
Unlocked the stores of fancy and delight,
Loosed fluent mirth and gladness to the night,
While in rich mockery, on the sparkling brim,
Joy laughed at Time—in very scorn of him.

BIRD'S DUNWICH.

THE imbibing of intoxicating fluids to an extent "that takes the reason prisoner," is an event of such common occurrence, that we seldom think of marking the phenomena, gradations, and distinctions, which are every day to be met with, and which a diligent observer may see, at almost every step he takes. It would not, I believe, be going far astray, should it be roundly asserted, that the majority of persons suppose, that a drunken man, though somewhat bizarre in his character, is always much the same sort of being. Or, that it matters little or nothing, with what agent the inebriation is produced, nor under what circumstances the fluid is taken, since the effect is always similar, and the accompaniments (like the drone of a bagpipe) always remain the same. Few maxims are widely received, or long retained, but for some conformity to truth and nature. Yet I shall endeavour to shew, without

at all indulging a passion for fine-spun hypotheses, and without (as I would fain hope) leading the reader into a labyrinth of incongruities, that an almost endless variety of circumstances contribute to modify the phenomena of intoxication. The phenomena accompanying and indicating the effects of various potations, are different, according to numerous concurrent circumstances, predisposing causes, or concomitant influences. It is true that in these freaks of nature a few prominent symptoms stand out in grand relief. But there are others, which though usually considered as of minor importance, would still afford the painter a succession of richly coloured pictures in the magic lantern of his invention. The great difference in men when made mellow, even by the same agent, has long been known to vigilant observers. The effects produced by wine upon different constitutions, have been well described by Horace. One man weeps under the influence of the bottle, the miserable martyr of maudlin sensibility;—another, becomes merry and loquacious;—a third, grows noisy and quarrelsome; and a fourth goes to sleep.

FIRST STAGE.—The first effects of taking wine in a quantity more liberal than ordinary, is a pleasurable feeling which prevades the whole system. Previous languor and listlessness are superseded by a genial warmth, and a grateful feeling of energy and self-command.

The circulation of the blood is accelerated—the heat of the body increased, and the muscular energy augmented. There is a fine glow upon the skin—the countenance becomes animated—there is a rich tint upon the cheeks—the eyes sparkle, and beam with delight—and every fibre in the body thrills with pleasure.

The mind is in a state of indescribable tranquillity and serenity. A man feels as he wishes. The imagination is expanded, and becomes more vivid. Jocund confidence, and good-tempered jocularly prevail. By-and-by, the animal spirits flow more freely—tip the tongue with eloquence, and give birth to lively conversation, and brilliant sallies of wit. And then the thoughts flow freely from the heart's rich treasury; or there is the developement of thoughts that had been but half-blown.

With some, every sentence is a cartridge of wit. The imagination is filled with pleasing dreams, which chase away weariness by a perpetual succession of delightful images. All "throw far behind the lingering cares of life"—and nothing but good humour—good-fellowship, and cheerfulness prevail.

Light-haired Fancy, (that enchanting Goddess) now assumes her sway. The powers of conversation are still further heightened by extemporaneous sprightliness of fancy, copiousness of language, and fertility of sentiment. The judgment suspends its control. Halcyon days are now to open;—fears, anxieties, and corroding cares are given to the winds;—prosperity—friendship, liberality takes possession of the breast, and gloomy thoughts are quickly enveloped in the drapery of fiction. Wine and fancy together, transform the dull routine of every-day existence into romance—tinge the sober realities of life with the bright hues of an ideal dream—and at last, pour into the soul the balsam of rapt ecstasy and enthusiastic delight.

The rapidity of the conceptions, the vigour of the passions, and the strength and propensity to muscular motion, all stimulated to a morbid pitch, constitute what may be considered as the first stage, or the *drunken reverie*.

SECOND STAGE.—As the wine sparkles the spirits mount, and the heart dilates, as if the appetite “grew by what it fed on.” Each cheek is flushed with confidence, and each eye sparkles with eagerness, and the tide of wine is fast gaining on the dry land of sober judgment.

The circulation is further accelerated—the whole surface glows with warmth. Vision becomes indistinct—objects are seen double. The sparkling of the eyes, is exchanged for redness—and small sparks seem to flicker before them. The whole body feels more alert, more vigorous—and there is a marked propensity to muscular exertion. There is often in this elevation of the heart, a strong disposition to dancing—whimsical gesticulations—frolics—and waggery.

The mental faculties are also elevated; the song becomes louder; and excessive laughter marks the high excitement of the mind. The passions and dispositions are aroused, and all these qualities and passions which were before *inlaid*, now become *embossed*. The ideas flow with amazing rapidity, and the tongue becomes more voluble in proportion as the judgment suspends its control; just as a race-horse runs the faster, the less weight he has to carry. He passes with rapidity from subject to subject—the conversation is perpetually assuming new aspects—as objects in the Kaleidoscope are perpetually revolved into new forms and configurations. The sentiments are, for the most part, the delusive paintings of a warm imagination.

The tongue now talks with forcible naïveté at the head's cost—and it is no wonder that he should “spin the thread of his verbosity, finer than the staple of his argument.” Self-love now creeps out, and every restraint being completely withdrawn, we see the most ridiculous boastings, and occasional gusts of pride. “I” is the prominent pronoun of

his conversation. He becomes pot-valiant, and like Falstaff's Soldiers, is perhaps afraid of nothing "but danger." He becomes the herald of his own merits—and judges of himself and his opponents, not by the stamp of merit which has past the mint, but by the standard of his own vanity. With a charming gaiété de cœur, he discloses his secrets;—and those sentiments are freely expressed which discretion usually clothes. That "unbought grace of life," the charm of literary conversation is gone, and is succeeded by a wildly generous and frantic mirth. In fact, as the judgment totters—the discretion nods—and produces what may be called a sort of twilight of the intellect. He does a thousand foolish things;—solid knowledge and delicate refinement, have long since given way to low merriment and idle buffoonery. He expresses himself in terms of matchless absurdity, and laughs at every thing that is said, whether witty or otherwise, in all the exaltation of a tickled fancy.

THIRD STAGE.—Wit has now thrown off "the sullen yoke of sense," and noise, ribaldry, frothy arguments, garrulous babble, and frantic mirth, have usurped that station, which cheerfulness, good-humour, chaste wit, and rational conversation previously occupied. It is the delirium of excitement; which as it advances, increases the desire to heighten and prolong its influence.

The rays of imagination are broken, and his ideas form a chequer work of the most incongruous images. He sees without discerning—concludes without reasoning—and with a perversity, which this stage of drunkenness seldom fails to bestow, employs his fancy in his narratives, and keeps his recollections for his wit. A gradual diminution in the corporeal strength now ensues, and the tide of animal spirits begins to ebb. Although he may possess great taste

in music, and may, perhaps, have already delighted his companions by the exertion of his vocal powers, yet should he at this period be called upon for a song, you will be sadly puzzled to understand either its language, or the music to which it is married.

"Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign."

The voluntary power over the muscles fails. The head becomes giddy; and as the muscles of the orbits participate in the general relaxation, they are no longer able to direct the eyes to the same focus. Hence vision becomes indistinct. Objects appear multiplied; and every thing seems to move circularly. A mist appears floating in the atmosphere: he is perplexed with a watery cloud. The head nods, the muscles being no longer able to keep it in the erect position. The muscles of the countenance are relaxed; and the whole expression is any thing but inviting. The eye-lids are half closed—the lip falls—and saliva dribbles from the mouth. The conceptions are incoherent—and the articulation indistinct; but he strives hard to "strain out the last dull droppings of his sense." His lips still attempt to go through the pantomime of articulation, but the whole is unintelligible jargon. His limbs are now out of office, and strongly depict the enervated condition of his earthly tabernacle. The hand shakes, and is extremely unsteady except in the pretty movement of carrying the glass to the mouth, an operation which some, almost to the very last, manage to perform with admirable adroitness. Then look how a drunken man walks! He seems determined to make as much of a mile as possible. One would suppose that the road was as intricate as the Cretan labyrinth! Self-deprived of the power of equilibrium, his course though sufficiently serpentine, is not

exactly what is understood by Hogarth's "line of beauty:" neither is it accompanied by, what the French term, the "poetry of motion." Then he stops occasionally, to set himself a little more upon his centre; or to take an observation, for the purpose of finding his latitude. But he seldom goes far without a fall; the ground ever proving "faithless to the fuddled foot."

Sometimes the senses are so blunted, that all external impressions are entirely disregarded, and produce no effect, and the passions cease to prompt to any action, or to excite any emotion. In this case, the blood-vessels of the brain are turgid with blood; and all voluntary motion and sense being totally suspended, the person is said to be DEAD DRUNK.

The closing scene of such a drama, sometimes forms a rich comi-tragic treat. It must, however, be remembered, that all, or even the majority of these symptoms, are not to be expected in the same individual; although many of them may be recognized in different grades. Neither is it to be inferred, that this series of symptoms is invariably observed in the order of succession in which it here appears. From the state of increased hilarity, to the delirium of drunkenness, the shades of intellectual aberration are very numerous; and the phenomena, in different individuals, and even in the same person at different times, are exceedingly variable.

When the physical phenomena which attend this series of changes, from sobriety to stupor, are examined, we cannot wonder at the serious consequences which must ensue from such a perturbation of the various functions; where the nervous and vascular systems are thrown into the most wild and tumultuous confusion.

In a fit of drunkenness, the action of the heart is inordinately excited; and the blood is driven through the system

with great violence, as is evinced by the florid swelling of the face—the turgescence of the vessels of the neck and temples. That the first effects of intoxication, are to destroy the equal and uniform distribution of the blood, is a fact, of which any one may satisfy himself, by observing the pale contracted features, and diminished temperature, of a person in the confirmed stage of intoxication, previous to complete insensibility.

Nausea lowers the pulse—contracts the small vessels, and is frequently accompanied with trembling and cold perspiration. So long as it lasts, it diminishes the action, and even the general powers of life. Vomiting, on the contrary, rouses rather than depresses—puts to flight all the preceding symptoms, and restores the system to itself. Vomiting is the best thing that can happen to a tipsy man. When the stimulus produced by the intoxicating agent is slight, the effect is confined to nausea; if beyond this, the nausea becomes retching; and ultimately, the retching is changed to vomiting. Each may exist separately, because each is produced by a greater or less inversion of the peristaltic motion of the stomach and œsophagus. Every effort of vomiting necessarily incurs temporary fullness in the blood vessels of the head.

The hiccup so frequently attendant upon drunkenness, is a spasmodic action of the diaphragm (midriff) and the respiratory muscles, excited by irritation of the stomach. This symptom comes on, when the stomach is too much loaded, either with solid food, or drink: hence its frequency among infants who are over-fed. Hiccup frequently subsides, and after a while again appears. This is produced by something arresting the attention. The action ceases, if the brain is disqualified for the impression.

Diarrhœa may be produced by any thing that irritates and excites the muscular fibres of the intestinal canal to inordinate action, which occasions frequent contractions, and speedy expulsion. Occasionally, however, it may be produced from the loss of muscular contraction, which sometimes extends to the sphincters of the bladder and rectum, *et ebrius improvise mingit, et alvum exonerat*. The more the urinary secretion is augmented, the less inebriation is produced. Some persons make pale urine in great quantities.

The skin glows, and the heat of the body is increased by the more energetic action of the whole glandular system. There is reason to believe, that much of the intoxicating principle is carried off by perspiration. Perhaps, we might in this way account for the sudden increase of intoxication which takes place on going out into the cold air. The noise, or gurgling, often heard in the bowels, arises from extricated and erratic wind.

In the beginning of Intoxication, there is a disposition to sleep, but this is chased away by the excitement of external circumstances, as noise, light, business, or by the exertion of the will.

In the first and second stages, the pupil of the eye is often much dilated, but afterwards, it sometimes becomes contracted, almost to a pin's point. If vomiting come on, the pupil will generally begin to act. In complete intoxication, the pupil is often exceedingly contracted; and there cannot be a doubt, but that individuals are, occasionally, most severely and even fatally treated for compression of the brain, when rest, or, it may be, the stomach-pump, is all that is wanted.

When the brain has been roused into a state of intense excitation, the general nervous influence is consequently

augmented, and the muscular actions are more developed, and more energetic. By the internal pleasurable sensations, the organs of sense are more forcibly excited to action. The taste is rendered more acute: the taste of the saliva, which in general, is not attended to, becomes perceptible, and he complains of a bad taste in the mouth. The hearing is frequently more acute. A drunken man often complains of surrounding smells, which are not perceptible to other people. The touch, or sense of pressure, is rendered more acute; the inebriate conceives the bed to vibrate, and is fearful of falling out of it. From the faculty of volition being gradually impaired, proceeds the instability of locomotion—the inaccuracy of perception—and the inconsistency of ideas. Drunken men also sometimes suppose they see trees, and other objects; according to that which Solomon saith to the drunkard, “thine eyes shall see strange visions and marvellous appearances.” Inebriates well remember the singular shapes which things assume, in the evening, or about twilight. For instance, a cow sometimes seems magnified to ten or twelve times its natural size, like some of the Brobdignag cattle, described by Swift. Or,

“The mountain mist, takes form and limb

“Of noontide hag, or goblin grim.”

SCOTT.

The tears are sometimes secreted in great quantity, and dribble through the nose, so as to keep up a sort of dropping—well from the nasal architecture. His pocket-handkerchief (the Scotch say nose-napkin) is in constant request. This abundant efflux of the tears, I would, in all humility, beg leave to introduce into our symptomology, under the term of *nasal diarrhœa*.

DRINKS. The phenomena vary according to the drinks taken. Thus intoxication from drinking porter, or other

malt liquors, which contain a narcotic substance (as hops or other vegetables), together with much mucilaginous matter, and which require to be drunk in large quantities, is generally accompanied with more stupor than inebriation from wine, or distilled spirits. The same may be said of the heavier wines, as compared with the lighter, or those which contain carbonic acid gas. In drunkenness produced by beer, especially adulterated beer, the ideas are less brilliant than when the inebriation is produced by wine. What Poet would think of prefacing his sonnet with porter? Ferocity is the produce of drunkenness from ardent spirits. Occasional violence, is the result of accidental intoxication from spirits: habitual and confirmed brutality, is the consequence of their daily use. As ferocity is the produce of gin, whisky, rum, or brandy, so is heavy stupidity the offspring of porter and ale. I am not speaking of an occasional debauch, but of habitual soaking. Spirits raise the passions in rebellion against the judgment. It is very well known, that an habitual use of any spirit, gives the mind an unfashionable cast. An occasional tiff of punch, for instance, will do no man any harm: indeed, amongst the drinkers of punch, I have known some of the most good-tempered creatures that ever squeezed a lemon.

Such a variety of substances possessing the inebriating principle, we are naturally led to ask, what this principle is? To answer this question is no such easy matter. Chemistry has not, as yet, solved the problem. Neither does Physiology unfold to us, in a manner quite satisfactory, in what way the inebriating principle acts upon the nerves. Upon a first glance, it would appear, that in all intoxicating agents, there is one single element, diffused in common, throughout the whole. But a very little reflection is suf-

ficient to convince us, that such is by no means the case. We do not, as yet, know, why a man under the influence of one liquor, will ferment into merriment;—under a second, sparkle with repartee;—and under a third, froth with declamation. Chemical ingenuity, it is true, has woven for us a philosophical web, but it is too frail to endure the touch. A man must by experience, try to hit upon the liquor that tallies with him.

QUANTITY. Intoxication and quantity are, it is true, things of very indefinite relation: there may be men of two bottles, and men of five. One man cannot keep the command of his head, nor his senses clear and unembarrassed, with the smallest portion. Pope said, that to him a single glass was a debauch. Whilst Sheridan could take any quantity. The difference, in this respect, between these two men is curiously indicative of the great differences to be met with.

In the Year 1805, on the day when the very animated debate took place upon the celebrated *Tenth report of the Commissioners of Naval Inquiry*, it will be remembered, that, in the course of this debate, Mr. Sheridan made one of the finest speeches ever delivered by him, alike remarkable for keenness of argument and brilliancy of wit; and this under the influence of a potation, which would wholly have deprived most men of their faculties. Under the influence of liquor, Sheridan possessed not merely the spangles of wit—but the bullion also. Another person whose conversation was the efflorescence of a mind loved for its luxuriance, could do the same thing, viz. Pitt. The celebrated Burke was as much in the habit of refreshing himself by draughts of hot water, as the no less celebrated Pitt by potations of wine.

SOCIETY. Society influences the phenomena of drunkenness. In low company, the symptoms differ from those

brought forth in the company of one's superiors. A man is not soon made drunk if ladies are present: he is careful that no heedless expression stray out of the mind's secret inclosure. He knows also that a drunkard is considered by the ladies, as the bore *par excellence*, and that if he gets mellow, it is ten to one, but he will contrive, ere long, to drill a hole in his manners. In the company of his fellow men, he dashes out, at once, upon his subject, without any preamble or peroration, and if he has any of the fool in him, always makes a point of displaying it upon these occasions. But the presence of ladies, puts a different complexion on the face of affairs. He is reserved—seems to sit upon thorns—frequently changes his position in the chair—seems fidgetty—and will twist and twinge himself in many ways. He shakes his head, but seldom shakes much sense out of it. When an inebriate strays into the presence of ladies, he may be compared to some wild animal, who has got into the garden of the fabled Hesperides.

In the first stage of intoxication, some men are inclined to be exceedingly amorous, and are disposed to breathe "soft nothings" into the ear of any listening fair. This is the case with some, who never shew any such disposition at any other time. Many, who when sober, evince the greatest *sang froid* upon the subject, are, when flushed with wine, by no means averse to a little amorous dalliance. Nothing like a *modicum* of wine, for quickening dullness into sentiment!

HEALTH. Inebriation is modified by the bodily health of the person at the time of drinking. It is very clear that liquor must have a different effect upon a man in rude health, from what it would have upon him were he ever so slightly indisposed. Many, if not most drunkards are Dyspeptics; and a dyspeptic person is a perfect thermometer: a fit of

passion—a change of the wind—a slight debauch—or the most trivial circumstance, puts him all wrong—quite unscrews him. A man who drinks after a long laborious journey, will not be affected in the same manner, as if he had been confined to the house for several days. These instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*.

MIND. The mind has the power of controlling the symptoms of Intoxication. A piece of good news, will change the symptoms at any time. Unwelcome intelligence will do the same thing. Mental agitation may mask, or even prevent, the common exhilarating effects of wine, at the time; and in this way, men are induced, and indeed enabled, to take more than under ordinary circumstances.

AGE. A youth just arrived in the warm latitude of twenty-two, would not be affected in the same way, by the same wine, as the octogenarian. The bodily and mental powers are, at those periods, differently excited. In youth, enthusiasm runs away with the judgment, and poor common sense, which should be a constant guest, is rarely invited to the banquet. In youth, wine is thought a fountain of delight. Hopes arise before them like bubbles before a stream; as quickly succeeding one another, as superficial, and as vain. But matters are not on the same side of the balance when the thoughts have been mellowed by years, or when misfortune has fixed its broad arrow upon him;—when the enchantments of fancy have ceased, and the phantoms of delight dance no more about him.

STOMACH. The stomach being full or empty modifies the phenomena. Hence all men know that liquor taken before dinner, takes a much stronger hold upon a man, than if taken after dinner, or in the evening. That the effects of liquors are different when a man is in a state of inanition, from

what they are when in a state of repletion, is a fact so well known, that it need not here be dwelt upon. Drunkards know full well, that morning drinking the soonest disarms them of reason, and is the shortest way to stifle their wits.

HABIT. The operation of all descriptions of ingesta, is most remarkably modified by habit. The power of habit over our sensations and voluntary motions is manifest. It is also great over the organic functions. It is a general law, that the effects of a stimulus diminish, the more frequently it is applied, and *vice versa*. But if a stimulus is applied so energetically as to leave the sensibility heightened, especially if to the point of inflammation, its subsequent power is greatly increased. Immense quantities of liquors can be borne, if applied gradually, but if the increase is rapid, the sensibility of the stomach may become so great, that a single glass will scarcely be borne.

Numerous other circumstances might be mentioned, each of which has the power of modifying the symptoms of Intoxication. For instance, a person would be sooner intoxicated in a dark room, than in a very light apartment. A man will be sooner intoxicated if he talks much: the hip—hip—hip, hurra, is accounted by the *bon vivant*, as equal to a pint of wine. The season of the year modifies the phenomena. The Climate also makes a difference.

Previously to quitting this part of the subject, it may, perhaps, be right to mention, that there is still another *lectle* matter, which occasionally makes some slight changes in the phenomena. This is, the *reckoning*. Sometimes this *trifling* matter, this short but pathetic oration, has astonishing influence upon the symptoms. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned, the most melancholy of our lives. But I know not, whether he is to be accounted much of a judge.

TEMPERAMENT.

The symptoms just traced, are those most commonly met with, but it is essential to state, that these are endlessly diversified by the temperament of each individual; or, in other words, by the mode or aptitude of the living frame to be affected by stimuli. Boundless varieties of passion and understanding are combined with one another. In this point of view, temperaments are almost as numerous as faces; since the mental and bodily constitution of no two men is precisely alike in every particular. There are some idiosyncrasies so singular and incredible, that nothing but unimpeachable testimony could sanction our belief in their existence. The doctrine of the temperaments is not yet well understood. For my present purpose, it may, perhaps, be sufficient to mention, that each individual, in virtue of his organization, has his own peculiar character. Man is not a passive being, equally susceptible of all impressions. His dispositions are innate, and it is not to accidental impressions received through the medium of the senses, or furnished by education, that he is indebted for those imperious propensities, profound sentiments, and remarkable talents. I shall, in this place, confine myself to the four orders of temperaments most commonly received, which are those founded by Galen, and adopted by Blumenbach.

The *sanguineous* temperament is excited most readily, but slightly.

The *melancholic*, is excited slowly, but more permanently, The *choleric*, is excited readily and violently.

The *phlegmatic*, is excited the most slowly of all, and indeed with difficulty.

For all useful purposes these orders are sufficiently comprehensive. Yet they occasionally differ, on the one hand,

so considerably among themselves, and, on the other, have so many points of resemblance, that their classification cannot but be somewhat arbitrary.

DIFFERENCES IN DISPOSITION AND CHARACTER.

LOQUACITY. As to talkers there are, at least, as many varieties as of tulips, and suitably to classify them, would require nothing less than the talents of an Ethical Linnæus. No symptom is so generally present as talkativeness. It occurs in every temperament except the phlegmatic. Intoxication confers vivacity, as well as a kind of artificial genius; hence persons who at other times are sufficiently taciturn, are, when warmed by wine, exceedingly communicative. Wine lifts a man's intellectual faculties, as well as his feelings of enjoyment, above their ordinary level. If thinking is the natural key to the tongue, wine is, surely, a picklock. But the tongue frequently runs counter to the wit, and as speaking without thinking, is much the same thing as shooting without taking aim, we may learn why drunken men's remarks are called *random shots*. Those, who with Plato, think an orator a dangerous member of a commonwealth, must, I presume, mean a drunken orator. Were the efforts of this species of eloquence to be valued like diamonds by the cubes of their magnitude, what a transcendent price must be fixed upon them!

BOASTERS. As drunkenness fans the latent sparks of pride into flame, and induces a man to fancy himself a more exalted personage than he really is, we hear the most ludicrous boastings. An inebriate is fond of being the fogle-man of the party; and as self-love soars above pru-

dence, he gets into his "altitudes." Few Bacchanalians remember that portion of ethics which forbids self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners.

WIT AND HUMOUR. Wit is promoted by a certain degree of intoxication, which prevents the exercise of that attention which is necessary for invention in matters of science. Some men in the first stage of intoxication, talk incessantly, but their stock of ideas being soon expended, the river dwindles into a rill. Others, possess by nature, such a perpetual tide of excitement, that their spirits seldom or never seem to ebb, and during vinous excitement the propensity to verbal merriment is irresistible. A man who has a vigorous fancy coupled with extensive knowledge, adorn every little incident from the ever-ready wardrobe of his fancy. He scatters merriment at random—provokes the most uncontrollable laughter—and we cannot help but feel the full force of the archery of wit. But excess muddies the best wit. The genuine humourist has a fine oiliness in his disposition, which smooths the waves of passion as they rise. His passions sit upon his face in ready array, and when in his happiest vein of pleasantry, he is the very cream of good-tempered jocularity. A man of false humour, ridicules both friends and foes indiscriminately; for, having but small talents, he is obliged to be merry where he can, and not where he should. Nearly-allied to this, is that species of crack-brained wit, which hesitates not to sacrifice a friend at the shrine of a jest. Of such a man, it is no extravagant arithmetic to say, as was said of Yorick, that for every ten jokes he gets an hundred enemies. Bitter jests require to be alloyed with a due degree of obliquity in the mode of attack. The whims and buffooneries of some humorous men, in the

first and second stages of intoxication, are so truly ludicrous, that to be grave "exceeds all power of face." Be the evening ever so long protracted, there is still to be heard the chuckle of some staunch votary of fun, who is determined, at whatever cost, to bear away the palm of drollery.

DULLNESS. Some men of sober habits when drunk, have the same kind of stupidity about them, that an habitual drunkard has when he chances to be sober. In certain constitutions, wine seems to produce no pleasurable emotions; and if drunk in any quantity operates rather as a direct narcotic, and, instead of hilarity, occasions only stupor. His body is a miry way where the spirits are belogged and cannot pass. The brains of such are not, even in sobriety, very pellucid. The little that he speaks is "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" he seldom makes use of any words, except the monosyllables Yes and No. He sits quietly in his chair, and half-hears what, did he hear the whole, he would but half-understand. A thought when strained through his brain, comes so near to nothing, that what it was at first, nobody can tell.* A few phlegmatic men are improved a shade or two by intoxication; it improves them as bottling does small beer, which then becomes brisker without growing stronger. Is it not a sign the ground was dry when the effect of a shower is hardly seen?

QUARRELSOME. Whilst one man, when intoxicated, becomes jocose, good-tempered, and as merry as a grig, another is rendered noisy and quarrelsome. To make some hot-tempered men drunk, is as nearly as can be, the same

* He beats his pate, and fancies wit will come;
Knock as he will, there's nobody at home.

thing as firing a train. Two or three people of this temperament, assembling together, are able to form a scene of "most admirable disorder." This seldom happens in the first stage, but at a more advanced period, when all restraint has been withdrawn, and when excess has produced wanton jeering, and given "indecent language birth." Drunkenness by giving a man an exalted opinion of his own merits, induces him, naturally enough, the more readily to conclude himself injured. Hence, an acrimonious warfare is instantly waged upon chimerical points of honour, and the combatants on both sides are more desirous of victory than truth. Upon these occasions, the prudent man will always retire; and in so doing he will follow the advice of Pythagoras, who admonishes us "when the wind rises, to worship the echo." It is best to take wing, when imaginary provocations are resented with all the violence of rudeness;—

When one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

DRYDEN.

When we recollect that in intoxication the ideas flow with more than usual rapidity—that, all restraint being removed, these are uttered with astonishing volubility—that where much is said, all cannot be good, nor perhaps, correct, we are not surprised that quarrels should be attendants upon drunken revels. And when we consider, that coupled with all this, there is a great propensity to muscular exertion, it is no wonder if drunken squabbles should, occasionally, be accompanied with harder things than words, and that the knuckles should have the honour of finally settling the disputed point. The combatants in drunken "sprees" usually terminate the matter in this way;—

And carry in contusions of the skull,
A satisfactory receipt in full.

COWPER.

The warm-hearted Irishman fights before he reasons—the wary Scotchman reasons before he fights—the polite Englishman is not very particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either way to accommodate.

PEEVISHNESS. Intoxication renders some men testy, waspish, pettish, or peevish. The frank ingenuous candour of sobriety is changed for qualities diametrically opposite. He is discontented with every thing and every body. He blames his friends without any cause; or fly-blows a worthy neighbour's reputation. He is ready to snap and snarl at every remark made by his companions; and sometimes purposely misconstrues every word addressed to him. If when sober he dabbles a little in politics, he when intoxicated expresses himself discontented with the Government, and too often gives utterance to the most rancorous expressions.

He frets within, froths treason at his month,
And churns it through his teeth.

DRYDEN.

POSITIVENESS. Some men are exceedingly stubborn and positive when intoxicated. Whatever they advance, they will not swerve from, although they well know, that the position is not tenable. It is in vain to reason with them: they will not budge a hair's breadth. Such men usually make a great noise, and possess little information. Like narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out. Some men in this class are eternal talkers; they tire their hearers with endless distinctions, and prolong a dispute without any advantage, by attempting to prove that which never was denied. Sometimes these sedentary weavers of long tales, slumber between thought and thought, till the conversation seems like

a suit in Chancery. They tell a story in a drawling way,

And echo conversations dull and dry,
Embellish'd with—"He said" and "so said I."

COWPER.

MUSICAL. Bacchus was regarded by the Athenians, not only as the God of wine, but of song also; and it must be confessed, that his followers, in their cups, have been much inclined to singing ever since. Old songs are, in reality, what a popular writer has termed them, the "music of the heart." If a man can sing well, his good footing in a party is secured. The Phrenologists have discovered the organ of tune: and it is by no means improbable, that most inebriates may have the barrel-organ pretty fully developed.

PARSIMONIOUS. It is not often that a miser is drunk at his own cost; but he has no objection to a chirping glass, provided another person is to pay the piper. Not a drop of his vintage will he give. His wine, like his sympathy and his money, is kept under trusty lock and key for his own use only. I have somewhere read of a miser who relished a glass dearly, but who seldom indulged on account of the great expense. On the day set apart for a debauch he invariably dined with "Duke Humphrey." He had two good reasons for this: in the first place, the dinner was saved, and secondly, having no solid food upon his stomach it was sooner excited. Thus a greater impression was made with less wine. A miser always imagines that there is a certain sum of money that will fill his heart to the brim.

PHILOSOPHER. After drinking, the grave philosopher himself becomes convivial, lays aside his severe demeanour, and applauds the jest and song. Learned men often unbend in society, and a few evince for the glass a more than Platonic affection. The most rigid amongst them, when

melted by the magic of the bottle, will gambol, frisk, and spin about with the celerity of a te-totum. When their frigidity of manner becomes thawed by the warmth of the liquor, their "lungs begin to crow like Chanticleer." It is a rich treat to listen to learned men, in the first stage of intoxication. One displays all the flowery columns of literature;—another hurls at your head the whole mass of the Encyclopædia. Yet a clever man finds that when under the influence of wine, like mortals less endowed, his Minerva wears a cap and bells.

Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse, that throws the rider.

QUARLES.

Some men, when intoxicated, are exceedingly anxious to be thought learned, although they may have obtained no palms in the academic race. Such a man would be delighted, should you happen to mistake his head for a pilgrim's wallet of erudition. He wanders from subject to subject, with great volubility. He fancies himself equal to any thing. No author too difficult for him to translate with facility. He can interpret with accuracy a Runic inscription, and is a dab-hand at deciphering the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian Papyrus! It may be, too, that his knowledge of languages, as well as of other matters, is, after all, of the most portable description.

SENSIBILITY. No temperament exhibits a greater variety of phenomena during inebriation, than the temperament of sensibility. It is in those persons that the passions have the fullest sway, and in whom the most marked alternations of cheerfulness and gloom are apt to prevail. Persons whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect with the rays of imagination, are usually of this temperament. They possess a sort of moral alchymy, which transforms the dull routine of every-day existence

into romance. When under the influence of the juice of the grape, a sort of Elysium opens round the soul. The world presents nothing but flattering visions of happiness and prosperity. But "th' enthusiast fancy was a truant ever." It is in this elevation of the heart and the fancy—it is in this agreeable frenzy, that is raised that soft tumult of the soul, and that vehement enthusiasm, in which consist both the fascination and danger of wine in persons thus constituted. Yet there are some persons of this temperament in whom wine produces no cheering influence whatever.

MELANCHOLY. Some individuals of great sensibility are quite melancholy when under the influence of wine. Generally speaking, they are most worthy, kind hearted mortals. Their conversation is commonly half-gossiping, half-sentimental, with a tendency to be lacrymose. Some of these tender hearted souls weep bitterly when intoxicated, and will drop a tear upon the remembrance of the most trifling distress. They are apt to recal the scenes of times gone by—of happier days—or, the virtues of departed friends. In some persons of this class, intoxication always produces gloomy and dark ideas, and there are a few, who cannot take even a moderate quantity, without experiencing effects painfully irritating.

CONTRASTS OF CHARACTER. The phenomena, in short, vary in almost endless diversity, not only in different individuals, but in the same individual at different times. The different effects of Wine, in men of genius, may be well exemplified in the persons of Addison and Sir Richard Steele. Steele himself tells us what were the effects of wine upon Addison "When" says he, "he is once arrived at his pint, and begins to look about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then

you discern the brightness of his mind, and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by its enlivening aid, he becomes whatever is polite, instructive and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself." The effects of wine upon Steele were precisely the reverse. Steele in the early part of the evening, was the luminary that enlightened the company; but drinking glass for glass with Addison, he soon reached his meridian splendour, began to decline, and gradually became heavy and incommunicative, while the sun of Addison arose, cleared by wine from the clouds that obscured it, and shone most resplendent. Addison may be compared to a beautiful alabaster vase which is only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. Addison when sober (and he was seldom otherwise) was remarkably silent; and speaking of his deficiency in conversation, used to observe, that with respect to intellectual wealth, he could draw bills to a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket. If, before entering the House of Commons, he had imbibed his chirping pint, the produce of his three celebrated conceptions, would in all probability have been something more tangible. Contrasts of character, such as Steele and Addison, are as common as the lights and shadows of a landscape.

All these temperaments and dispositions, are, occasionally, so intimately blended, and merge so insensibly into each other, that to draw the line of demarcation is impossible.

IN VINO VERITAS. This celebrated adage ought, I presume, to be taken with considerable limitation. Macnish, in his "Anatomy of drunkenness," says "the natural disposition may be better discovered in drunkenness than at any other

time. In modern society, life is all a disguise. Every man walks in masquerade, and his most intimate friend very often does not know his real character. Many wear smiles constantly upon their cheeks whose hearts are unprincipled and treacherous. Many with violent tempers have all the external calm and softness of charity itself. Some speak always with sympathy, who, at soul, are full of gall and bitterness. Intoxication tears off the veil, and sets each in its true light, whatever that may be." This is, surely a most cheerless doctrine. Why will this talented gentleman lessen his understanding by stating any such thing? In the first stage of intoxication only, is this position true, for in the subsequent stages the very reverse, I apprehend, makes a nearer approximation to the truth. If wine tears off one mask it is only to put on another. A drunken man, we all know, is more communicative than a milk-sop, but his natural disposition is quite another matter. In the first stage of intoxication, when a man is in the company of friends with whom his heart is entwined by all the ties of friendship—when his heart waxeth warm by the vinous glue of good-fellowship, he naturally throws aside all reserve, and may blab that which in perfect sobriety he only thinks. But when a man is drunk, he is himself no more. Intoxication belies him, Drink inspires him with thoughts and sentiments foreign to his nature, and which in his sober moments he heartily abhors. Drunkenness destroys sense, reason, faith and feeling;—it confessedly changes all the powers, both moral, physical and intellectual. What then becomes of the natural disposition? In consequence of the new state of feeling which the stimulus induces, the natural disposition is changed, perverted, and represented in an unnatural light. The placid man becomes irascible—the surly man kind and complaisant—the coward

brave—and the brave merciful or mad, according to the whim or impulse of the moment, Drunkenness exhibits the whole man from top to bottom in a new and foreign character; and the natural disposition, like every thing else, is turned topsy-turvy.

Reason in man obscured or not obeyed,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason : and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free.

PARADISE LOST.

If it be true that "what soberness conceals, drunkenness reveals," we might reasonably expect to see it illustrated in the drunken revellings of the lower orders of society, whose conduct upon those occasions might offer a true picture of their dispositions, since they are not habituated to restrain their feelings. Yet even here the position does not hold good. Flushed with the fumes of an intemperate goblet, a man is prompted to the enunciation of the most extravagant fictions, the absurdity of which is not distinguished by the drinker. When red-hot with vertiginous drinking, a person is induced to commit deeds at which in his sober moments his heart revolts. How, amidst the general confusion of all the functions—this *bouleversement* of all the faculties—the natural disposition can remain unchanged, is to me incomprehensible.

What reliance is ever placed upon a drunken man's word? All the world knows that a drunkard's sentiments are only lip-deep, and that to put any trust in him, is to lean on a broken reed. Few inebriates are eminent for chastity of thought; and still fewer famed for the virtue of taciturnity. We can learn little or nothing of any man till we have been with him in his familiar privacy, when free from "ceremony's

sway," and seen something of the chosen channels in which his thoughts and feelings love to travel in his cooler moments.

Wine assuredly is a wonderful compound of contrary qualities;—a stimulant and sedative—an incentive to virtue, and vice. It is the whip which causes lagging life to jog on more speedily, perhaps, more merrily. What is the native *gusto* and disposition of him, who under the influence of champagne is lively and volatile—crabbed and surly with port—and with ardent spirits ferocious? To this question few people seem to be well provided with a reply; and I more than suspect, that the majority of mankind are pretty much in the same dilemma. It is any thing but easy to decipher the true character of a drunken man.

Of the various shades and divisions of intoxication there is, in fact, an almost endless diversity. We can scarcely credit that such apparently trivial differences can, by any possibility, produce such great variations in the phenomena. Yet so it is: and any person may, by a very little reflection, satisfy himself that no two men are affected in a manner precisely similar, nor even the same man at all times. We can hardly believe that, whilst one man, when intoxicated, retains his faculties so as to give life to the revel, and suits his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he converses, another when in the same condition, seems to have a frigorific torpor encroaching upon his veins, and we understand him the less, the longer we hear him. Whilst one man keeps up an uninterrupted stream of jocularities, another is obliged to continue his talk when his meaning is spent—harass his imagination in quest of thought—and attempt to raise merriment without images. That which to one man becomes a source of tedium, by another is converted into a subject of the most lively interest. Under vinous excitement, one

man will thread the thorny mazes of science, or the flowery path of polite literature, whilst to a second, wine is barely sufficient just to muddle his faculties, and in a third, produces semi-delirium. The style of some men is like a *convex* mirror, it scatters every ray which falls upon it, and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed: the style of others, is like a *concave* mirror, it sheds no general brilliance, but its light is concentrated into one focus. When slightly intoxicated, one person is never tired of breaking a lance with an opponent, whilst a second at any other time knows not half so well, how to soften a negative, or enhance a kindness. Men are to be met with, who are never so much at home—never so luminous—so *ad rem*, as when excited by wine, and in the company of some esteemed crony. Yet no position in which a man can be placed has ruptured so many friendships. Again, some men drink themselves into good spirits, and are figuratively and literally happy; whilst others become penitent in their cups, and keep up a confessional hiccup till they fall asleep. Why all these changes take place, and in such various gradations, seems as difficult to solve as the riddles of the Sphinx. The rationale of this state has never been satisfactorily explained. Of these singular changes we are, in truth, as ignorant as of the inhabitants of the Georgium Sidus! It is a damper on the march of intellect. Science is at fault; and theories melt at the phenomena. We have but a few faint glimmerings to direct us. But, indeed, every problem which involves the phenomena of life, is unavoidably embarrassed by circumstances so complicated in their nature, and fluctuating in their operation, as to set at defiance every attempt to appreciate their influence.

BED-TIME.

Nor dare they close their eyes
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often interrupted sleep,
Their flying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues.

PHILIPS.

LET us put him to bed. As regards sleep, the effects of liquors upon the system, are very different in different men. Some are lulled to repose,—others are rendered fidgetty, restless, and toss to and fro all the night. In many a throbbing head is a never-failing accompaniment. Some sleep tolerably well, and have head-ache next morning. Most men are exceedingly thirsty during the night. The habitual drunkard, seldom sleeps soundly. Great restlessness is a common symptom; and a parched dry tongue—fears—and apprehensions are his bed-fellows. Although some inebriates may appear to sleep soundly, it is, strictly speaking, more a lethargy and stupor, accompanied by a dim delirium, than healthy sleep. Sleep does not visit the habitual drunkard even if he goes to bed sober; nay, such is the force of habit and association, that some drunkards can never sleep unless *Bacchi plenus*. As the condition of the mind in sleep is modified by the occurrences and impressions of the previous day, it is not surprising that the dreams (those “children of an idle brain”) of the toper, should turn upon the roar and noise of his Bacchanalian companions. Some sober men, when

slightly inebriated, express great anxiety to go to bed, not because they are sleepy, but because it seems to them as if going to bed would bring them nearer the time of getting up !

The action of the mind is suspended during sleep, but the degree of suspension is extremely various. In dreaming some portions of the brain are more or less active—some of the mental faculties only sleep or are torpid. The somnolent faculties are the will—the perception—and the judgment ; the wakeful are the memory and the imagination. The exclusion in a considerable degree, of external agents, and the suspension, in a great measure, of other faculties seem to give greater scope to the operation of fancy. Few inebriates sleep on a bed of roses.

NEXT DAY.

For I am sick, and capable of fears.

SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER a stertorous sleep, or rather stupor, and with some a night of fancy-created tempest—the inebriate awakes with a throbbing head, parched mouth, qualms of the stomach, and qualms of conscience. When arisen from his bed he reels, for his head is still giddy—and an indescribable *all-over-ness* pervades the frame. His hands tremble, he feels nausea of the stomach—and if he should vomit, he ought to feel obliged, and be thankful to his stomach for the boon. He looks chop-fallen—spiritless—he has “no speculation in his eye,” and secretly regrets having drunk the supplemental tumbler. Indeed his eyes are as dull as a brace of coddled gooseberries. But whither are fled the gay Elysian fields? Alas! they have vanished into air—thin air! Where is now the smirk of saucy confidence. Vanished, poor luckless wight! with the dear Elysian fields. Yesterday’s repast “was a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets;”—it will be well if to day he can add, “where no crude surfeit reigns.” The bottle is now stript of its bewildering fascination,—its treacherous embellishments;—though whilst they lasted, the fact that its joys are only fleeting and ephemeral, never occupied a thought.

“As bees flee hame wi’ lades o’ treasure

“The minutes winged their way wi’ pleasure.”

The dazzling visions which yesterday cheated his brain into a belief of their reality—are no more. He must, to day, be content to feed his understanding with plain, homely, household truths. When the mind once more exchanges its transporting visions for the sober realities of life, he bitterly repents the hallucination under which he was led to travel so far into a labyrinth of incongruities; he is constrained, however reluctantly, to confess that he has enlightened himself with nothing better than a will-o'-th'-wisp.

He may, perhaps, be induced, under these circumstances to subscribe to the saying of the Scythian philosopher, that the Vine has three clusters; the first of pleasure,—the second of drunkenness—and the third of sorrow and repentance. But sorrow may, perchance, have been the occasion of the debauch, and if so he now is informed experimentally of the fallacy of all such attempts to wash away trouble. He cannot drown, he only *dips* his sorrow. Sorrow may be dipped—nay, it may by repeated dippings be thoroughly soaked—but to drown it is quite out of the question. What are called heavy, weighty cares have such a confounded buoyancy that dip them as we will, they invariably rise again to the surface next morning. But this is not the worst part of the business:—every new attempt to drown them, is accompanied with this most provoking addition,—that every fresh trial requires more liquor.

Some lie in bed concocting the surfeit of yesterday's debauch; others lounge away the day; all firmly resolving to be, for the future, more brief in their potations. The stomach, head, dress, the whole man, both within and without, are in dishabille together. The day is passed in a sort of semivital existence. He, who, from whatever cause, has watched through the greater part of the night, will

scarcely find himself able, or disposed if able, to pursue throughout the ensuing day, the regular routine of bodily and mental health. To his friends the inebriate is a legitimate butt for criticism: some consider him an invalid; a greater number consider him as *invalid*. He is "knocked up" says one, meaning, in all probability, that he is knocked down. One acquaintance kindly consoles him by observing that he looks as if he were about to "hop the twig;"—"he's bespoken" exclaims another. The célibataire must stand this skirmishing with as much good-humour as he can. Those who are married have the endearing consolations of a wife, which are, doubtless, upon these trying occasions of a cheering complexion, and after such a hard struggle with nature, must be quite refreshing. I have known a toper stipulate with his fair "rib," that all slight aberrations of conduct which wine might produce, should on no account be made a Cabinet question!

When an organ is excited beyond its natural pitch, such excitement is inevitably followed by a correspondent degree of depression. In proportion to the strength and duration of the excitement, is the degree of depression that ensues;—in proportion to the stimulating influence of the inebriating agent (on which the pleasurable sensation depends), is the debility that succeeds;—a debility that not only destroys digestion, but throws the whole system off its healthy balance.

Lassitude and fever are the natural result of late hours. The functions of the digestive organs languish, or are, for a time, entirely suspended. The gastric—intestinal—and hepatic secretions are all deranged, either in quality or quantity, or both. The balance of the circulation is completely broken. Yesterday, the phenomena were those of *arterial* excitement: to-day, they are changed into those of *venous* congestion.

The heart is the centre of motion—and it is, in fact, so enfeebled by the orgasm, that it is unable to unload the venous system, and the arteries by their own organic contractility force the blood into the swelling veins. The venous turgescence may easily be observed in the hand, the veins of which are loaded with blood. This condition of the circulation bears some analogy to what takes place in old age, when the blood to a certain extent leaves the arteries and accumulates in the veins. When the large veins in the vicinity of the heart are preternaturally loaded with blood, oppression—anxiety—and a sense of weight and palpitation are referred to that region. An over-accumulation of blood about the right auricle and ventricle of the heart, produces violent head-aches. The blood in the veins being retarded in its return from the brain, the effect falls upon the brain although the cause is in the heart. This, however, only partly accounts for head-aches. Some share is to be attributed to the close sympathy existing betwixt the stomach and the brain; and we must not overlook the effect of the high mental emotions, which weaken the sensorial vessels by the wear and tear they produce.

In most cases the Bacchanalian does not perfectly recover himself till about the same time of the succeeding day as that at which the inebriation began. Sometimes several days elapse before he can be said to stand fairly on the *terra firma* of established health. The uncomfortable feelings of to-day form a striking contrast to yesterday's magic; hence the propensity to renew the state of ideal bliss by a repetition of the stimulus, a propensity which, if not resisted with stoical perseverance in the beginning, soon settles into a confirmed habit.

But the majority of mankind who only commit a debauch occasionally—do upon these occasions exceed the bounds of moderation in eating as well as drinking.

The evils of repletion, too, are often aggravated by previous inanition, in consequence of the prevailing fashion of late and large dinners;—a daily alternation of emptiness and oppression neither agreeable to the first dictates of common sense nor common stomachs. The stomach, to be sure, does, occasionally, mark its sense of such treatment,—when, after vainly struggling to incorporate the chaotic mass with which its Epicurean master has thought proper to oppress it—it takes the liberty to throw back its whole contents. This is a practical mode of inculcating moderation, far more effectual than can be accomplished by medical precepts, or mere inanimate logic. The stomach, by the way, is one of the most gentlemanly organs in the body, and so long as it is properly treated, conducts itself as such. Ever kind and accommodating, it does its best to amalgamate the heterogeneous compounds with which it is sometimes encumbered. But how can continual outrage be born? By reiterated insults it is rendered extremely capricious,—and sooner or later, is sure to revenge itself upon all those who have presumed to trifle with its texture. It may not be amiss to remind some and inform others, more particularly those who eat round the table, “*ab ovo usque ad mala*”—that a man is not nourished according to the amount which he eats, but in proportion to the quantity which he digests. The remembrance of this fact

Home, the Author of “*Douglass*,” who occasionally lived in London, used to eat nothing for dinner on a Sunday, but a poached egg. By the periodical holiday thus given to the stomach, he was enabled to bear the luxuries of the Capital,

would save the stomach much needless drudgery—and the whole tract of the alimentary canal a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The gourmand (the road to whose heart is down his throat) thinks with the French that digestion is the stomach's affair, indigestion that of the Doctor.

As to the habitual drunkard, he generally turns a deaf ear to the precepts of the moralist, and counsel falls upon his ear "as profitless as water in a seive." Many habitual drunkards are early risers: sleep they cannot. The morbid thirst, parched lips, and longing for a dram force them to rise, that they may try to rid themselves of these sensations. The stomach has been so long accustomed to stimuli that it is never easy without them. As to breakfast the inebriate seldom gets any; or if he does he is sick—and the stomach rejects it. But whether he takes breakfast or not he is always subject to nausea. One reason for his early rising is the knowledge that a breakfast will not sit quite pleasantly upon the stomach without a cushion;—that cushion is a dram. To him the delicious potion has long ceased to bring back its first enchantments. The morning hangs heavily upon him;—he tries to "goad the lingering moments into speed"—and is miserable till he gets once more immersed in the fumes of the vinous or spirituous debauch! The feelings with which a man awakes, whether drunk or sober, determine, for the most part, the character of the future day.

There are few drunkards who do not exhibit a general trembling, more especially when they have just awoke from sleep. This tremor is more particularly seen in the arms and hands;—but the feet totter, and there is such a flickering and quivering of the lips and mouth, that distinct utterance is denied. There is a twitching of the tendinous extremities of

the muscles. All this seems to be the result of debility and a worn out nervous energy, where the brain has lost all power over certain voluntary muscles, and they act independently of the will. The depressing passions alone will sometimes produce it. The dram, or *morning-nip* to which the toper has recourse, is taken to bring him within the range of comfortable feeling. In this way he quells the upbraidings of his stomach, and coaxes it into good temper. This, however, is but too often only the forerunner of one or two more; and these are taken not merely to disperse the uncomfortable feelings of the stomach, but to cure the trembling. The tremor is certainly allayed by a dram: like the spear of Telephos it seems to heal the wounds it had made. The method adopted is, however, of all others, that which is most calculated to make matters worse; for, from the transient relief obtained, he is induced to abridge the intervals betwixt each cup—and thus more and more confirm himself in the habit. When a chain of muscular fibres is once excited to action, there is a strong tendency in it to repeat the same movements; and a habit of recurrence once formed is difficult to break through.

Such are a few of the phenomena usually attendant upon these gastric achievements, which, accompanied as they are by such a strong effervescence of the passions, introduce a group of corporeal and mental discomforts, and not unfrequently make a wide inroad upon the domain of a well-regulated mind. In the vigour of health and youth this expenditure is not much felt; but nature is not to be cozened. A person in sound health, can require no such excitement of his frame; and by frequently inducing this state of preternatural strength, he must, sooner or later, exhaust the

vital powers, for there is no imprudence with regard to health that does not *tell*. Habitual drunkenness is neither more nor less, than to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness—and to purchase, by ten thousand miseries, the privilege of repentance !

DIAGNOSIS.

THERE is an external character,—an aspect,—a cast of countenance,—a tint of eye in the inebriate, even in his sober moments, which stamps him unequivocally. There is an awkwardness,—a heaviness in his gait. His hand trembles. The face is bloated—the cheek pulpy;—but the fulness has a peculiar flabbiness very different from sound and healthy fat. Some are sallow, with small red streaks in the cheeks; but more frequently the face is of a dingy, dirty hue, which no ablution will remove, even should he wash with oriental scrupulosity. The beer drinker is heavy and unweildy—the wine bibber has a fine florid complexion, and often that emblem of beauty a pursed-chin.—The dram drinker looks haggard;—has an appearance of ferocity in his countenance mingled with a dash of despair. An inflamed eye is a common attendant. His lips are furry and swollen;—a thickened lip is considered as a regular index of intemperance. He is always smacking his lips, for his mouth is parched and clammy. There is an indistinctness in his speech:—his breath is foetid. Whatever may be the physiological mode of accounting for it, the fact is no less certain, that most old drunkards are troubled with deafness. When sober he is dejected;—of a wavering and fickle resolution. He is often alarmed at trifles;—and even cowardly until he is again “screwed up” by a dram.

To distinguish his appearance when in liquor (or rather when the liquor is in him) requires no great discriminating tact; it seldom being confounded with any other condition.

The tottering gait—vacant countenance—droll gestures—faultering tongue—quivering lip—and slubbering mouth, are so many outward and visible signs.

A case of *Sopor* or state of profound sleep is sometimes met with, where it is extremely doubtful whether the individual is inebriated or not. Soldiers and Sailors are sometimes found in this state, and, it has occasionally happened, have been punished, for what afterwards appeared to have been no drunkenness at all. Where the cause cannot be learned by conjecture from the smell of liquor in the mouth, &c. or the point cannot be satisfactorily cleared up, it is always best to lean to the humane side.

PROGNOSIS.

WHENEVER was a Physician requested to foretell the result of drunken habits? Seldom if ever is such a question asked until disease puts a stop to the inebriate's career. During the subjection of reason to fancy—he is too apt to imagine, that in his case, no bad consequences are ever likely to follow—that the day of retribution is far distant—or, perhaps, he never troubles his head at all about the matter. Medical aid is seldom solicited until the invasion of some intractable malady which brooks no delay;—when in all probability, a very few weeks, or even days, are pregnant with life or death;—and when little more can be done than to soothe the sufferer, and slope the path he is treading. Need the sequel be related? Every day of the drunkard's life proves the little value he sets upon health—but as soon as ever actual disease assails—he is far more solicitous to recover than other people, and husbands the wasting treasure in proportion as its value is no more.

If, perchance, the opinion of the medical practitioner should be asked at an early period, he will consider the habit as a constitutional disease, the removal or palliation of which, must, as in other diseases, be difficult in proportion to its inveteracy. Various circumstances will necessarily tend, most materially, to modify the opinion given, and unless the patient himself will set his shoulder to the wheel, the reply can be by no means cheering. To estimate correctly the prospect of success is impossible;—inasmuch as experience teaches that the majority will pursue their course at all risks,

till overtaken by the consequences. The man, nevertheless, who would honestly undertake to reclaim himself from this mischievous habit, and acquire a better, might, provided there was no formidable disease to cope with, be assured of a certain and complete restoration,—the road to health being, in that case, as plain as the road to market. But, unhappily, the diseases to which the drunkard is most liable, steal upon him so silently, that he is scarcely aware of their approach, till they have assumed an unmanageable form. An acute disease sounds the tocsin at once:—but not so the local complaints to which the drunkard is subjected. Under whatever shape disease presents itself, his recovery will, in a great measure, depend upon himself. Unless he will submit, and submit in good earnest, to a relinquishment of his bad habits, all attempts are utterly hopeless. This is the pivot upon which the whole must turn. If he can be recalled from the chasing of shadows to the study of realities;—if upon tracing the whole group of symptoms, it appears that the general or local health falls short of actual organic disease; or that the influence of excess does not run beyond mere derangement of function—we may safely hold out the prospect of a perfect restoration to health. But then to do this is no such easy matter. The inebriate on his part, being determined to, what is called, *die hard* will seldom submit to any such thing, until he is just hovering on the brink of disease, and even then will not, perhaps, very cordially second any attempts for his welfare, being naturally averse to avow himself his own executioner; and on the practitioner's part, to determine the period when functional passes into structural disease is one of the most difficult things imaginable, as every scientific man knows full well. When a morning glass becomes necessary to banish the languor, sinking, and tremors of the tippler, the case may be

considered as far advanced,—and the disease rooted in the habit.

When a confirmed toper still follows the practice though labouring under actual disease, we must utterly despair of recovery in such cases, unless the miracles of Medea's cauldron should again be wrought on earth.

Medical aid and kind attention may do much,—and if duly persevered in, the powers of life will rally. The general strength will once more return—the muscles become firm—the complexion brighten;—the frame of mind will again be fitted for better sentiments, clearer views, and stronger comprehension.

If, after a judicious system of kindness has been begun and well followed up, the inebriate still continues to cling to his liquor with obstinacy, he necessarily places recovery at an immeasurable distance: and there is but too much reason to believe, that in the majority of cases, the habit will run parallel with life itself.

INFLUENCE
OF
HABITUAL INTOXICATION
UPON THE
CORPOREAL AND MENTAL FUNCTIONS.

The body and the mind are like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining,—if
you rumple the one, you rumple the other.

STERNE.

ALL the world knows that drunkards are more subject to diseases than other people ;—inasmuch as, they are not only liable to the operation of all the ordinary causes, but voluntarily lay themselves open to others, from which the rest of mankind are free. The ultimate effects, will of course, be various in different individuals. In every man, whether vigorous or debilitated, there is some one part or other weaker than the rest, which usually fails to resist the invasion of disease. This local weakness, it is natural to suppose, will be most likely to manifest itself when the balance and harmony of health are disturbed by any general commotion. Alcohol, in all its multifarious combinations, (like every other diffusible stimulus) has not its operation limited to any particular part, but extends its influence throughout the whole frame. Intoxication, by giving an unnatural force to the heart and arteries, propels the blood with great rapidity to every part—but in an uneven manner ; and a weak part is the most injured, because a preternatural quantity of blood is sent to

a place but ill-prepared to bear it. In this way the key-stone of disease is often laid. The diseases hereafter mentioned, are, in the main, those to which the drunkard is chiefly liable. It is not, however, intended to convey the impression that other complaints herein not inserted, do not frequently fall to the drunkard's lot:—neither is it to be inferred that those maladies do not sometimes follow in the train of that species of inebriation called *tippling*—which may be termed the *avant-courier* of drunkenness. Slight deviations from the standard of high health are not thought entitled to the name of disease. The first disturbance, then, will generally be in some weak organ—and one part of the machinery going wrong draws the rest after it. If I may be permitted to employ so homely a phrase,—*the worst spoke in the wheel will crack first.*

STOMACH AND BOWELS.

As we form our opinion of every thing by comparison, a few words in this place upon the functions of the stomach during health, will not be misplaced. To enter into a detailed account of the process of digestion would not only be foreign to the nature of the present essay—and to the object for which the subject is here introduced,—but would also lead to minute anatomical descriptions which to the general reader are worse than useless. Stripped of all hypothesis the process of digestion is sufficiently simple—but clearly, yet concisely to describe it, is no easy matter. Let me try. The food is, or ought to be, thoroughly masticated in the mouth, an operation, by the way, entitled to much more regard than it usually has the good fortune to attract. The saliva plays an important part;—for besides moderating thirst,—moistening the food in the mouth—and lubricating

the passages through which it has to pass—the introduction of a due quantity into the stomach is essential to healthy digestion. After mastication, the food passes through the esophagus or gullet into the stomach. In figure the stomach bears a marked resemblance to the pouch of a bag-pipe—and its substance consists of three principal coats, the external and internal of which are membranous—and the middle muscular. It has two orifices; the left by which the food enters is called the *cardia*;—the right through which it passes into the bowels is called the *pylorus*. From the internal surface of the stomach is secreted that wonderful fluid called the gastric juice, which is the most active menstruum we are acquainted with in nature, and whose solvent power is irresistible. Aided by the saliva,—increased heat,—and the motion of the stomach whose muscular fibres press the aliment on all sides, and perform a slight trituration, the gastric juice softens,—macerates,—and converts the food into a bland, pulpy substance called *chyme*. That portion of the food which is in immediate contact with the stomach, is first acted upon, and in this way the whole mass, layer after layer, is formed into *chyme*, which by the muscular power of the stomach is gradually propelled towards the *pylorus*, and is eventually pushed into the first bowel called the *duodenum*. From the experiments of Dr. Prout, it would appear, that the *chyme* passes through the *pylorus*, in layers as it is formed,—and that as soon as one portion is ready it is presented to the *pylorus*, and passed into the *duodenum* without waiting until the same change has pervaded the whole. Thus the *pylorus* possesses a discriminating tact—and it has been facetiously remarked that it is a sort of Revenue-Officer, whose duty it is to take good care that nothing pass unexamined which by the law of nature has the appearance of being contraband.

In the *duodenum* the chyme meets, and is intimately incorporated with the bile which flows from the liver and gall-bladder, and also with the fluid which is secreted by the pancreas. By the combined agency of these fluids the nutritive, is separated from the useless and excrementitious part. The nutritive portion becomes by this additional operation, more animalized, and is, in fine, transmuted into a rich milky nutriment called *chyle*. This is soon absorbed, or drunk up, by the mouths of thousands of minute vessels called *lacteals* with which the whole internal surface of the upper intestines is studded. The whole of these vessels gradually unite, and at length terminate in one common trunk, denominated the *thoracic duct*, by which the different streams thus collected are carried into the torrent of the circulation.

In order then, to effect a healthy digestion of the food the following circumstances are necessary:—

1. A free mixture of saliva with the food in the mouth.
2. A certain degree of heat of the stomach.
3. A certain quantity of healthy gastric juice.
4. The natural peristaltic motion of the stomach.
5. The pressure of the contraction and relaxation of the abdominal muscles and diaphragm.

In the general outline thus given, the reader will perceive that no notice whatever is taken of the *spleen*, vulgarly called the *sweet-bread*, for this simple reason, its use is not known. That it contributes something towards the process of digestion is highly probable, but it is an humiliating truth, and well calculated to convey an instructive lesson, that notwithstanding the lapse of so many centuries,—and after all our boasted knowledge, there is no man who can step forward and tell us what part the spleen takes in the mystic drama.

Such is a rough sketch of the matchless machinery by which blood is extracted from food, from which it will be seen that the process of digestion, as it occurs in the human fabric, is at the same time chemical,—vital, and mechanical:—that it is not attributable to any one cause alone, but is the aggregate result of the united whole. Is this, then, all that is necessary to the perfection of the blood? No:—the blood must also receive oxygen from the atmosphere, which is the result of respiration. The blood, therefore, contains the elements of all the secretions;—by its instrumentality all nutrition is effected, and all injuries repaired.

Something of the importance of the function of digestion may be inferred from the comparatively central situation assigned, in most animal bodies, for its performance;—and when we take into account the universal consent and sympathy established between the digestive organs and the other parts of the body—with all the “various ties and nice dependancies” its importance is rendered still more apparent.

Although the whole of the process of digestion does not take place in the stomach, yet it must be regarded as the chief link in the great associate chain; and unless its functions are duly performed the whole instrument will in time become so entirely out of tune, that no hand, however dextrous, can draw from it a single harmonious note. If I mistake not, it was Lord Bacon who thought the stomach of sufficient importance to be entitled the *father of the family*;—and in truth, he was right, for when it becomes incapacitated for the due performance of its duties—there is soon strange confusion in the household.

The deleterious influence of ardent spirits is chiefly shown on the stomach—liver—brain—and nerves;—but as might be expected, it is on the digestive organs that the

ill consequences of drunkenness fall earliest. Inebriation soon destroys the regularity and harmony of the digestive process, and throws the system off its healthy balance;—first rousing it by excitement, and then depressing it by exhaustion. The perpetual excitement kept up in the whole of the digestive organs, by hard drinking, produces an increased determination of blood to these parts;—and whenever the circulation through a part is increased, the activity and sensibility of the part will also be increased, for the degree of activity of any part, and the degree of its circulation, are exactly and unalterably correspondent. This sensibility gradually increasing will in a little time render the stomach so irritable that food cannot be taken without producing the most distressing sensations. It is pretty well known that those who retain their appetite, hold out the longest, but the quantity of food which most confirmed toppers take is next to nothing, and they usually terminate their career by losing their appetite altogether. A declension of appetite is, indeed, soon apparent:—and this goes on till at length not only all desire of food is lost, but the power of retaining it also. This condition is much aggravated by the circumstance, that the stomach having been long accustomed to excitement is never easy without it, and requires constant stimuli to be free from disquiet. In the latter stages of the inebriate's life, this exhaustion of power is so complete, that, often, nothing will remain on the stomach at all, except ardent or spiced spirits. Here we have an illustration of what often happens;—that is, of debility and irritability exhibiting a joint march. Thus does the drunkard proceed, from good to indifferent—from indifferent to bad—and from bad to worse.

All healthy function being superseded, even should food be occasionally retained—it is left to undergo the ordinary

changes that warmth and moisture would produce out of the body. Arrived in the small intestines a spontaneous process takes place usually productive of flatulency—and often running on to acetous fermentation. In weak stomachs, where the muscular action is slow, even the purest wine is apt to generate a deleterious acidity:—and the stimulent powers of the alcohol, which in persons of sounder habit, are sufficient to overcome its antiseptic tendency, are thus completely lost. During its stay in the large intestines, it is still further blended with the depraved secretions of the canal,—and is still further advanced in decomposition—the whole mass conveys so much irritation to the already excited, and too irritable cavity of the canal, as not unfrequently induces extensive ulceration in the bowels. In this way is often produced that simultaneous or successive inflammation of the stomach and small intestines, which the celebrated French Physician, Broussais, designates *gastro-enteritis*, and which of all the phlegmasiæ is the most frequent.

The great constitutional disturbance consequent upon this state of things, cannot be a matter of surprise when we reflect, that the general length of the alimentary cavity is from five to six times that of the man himself!

The intention of nature, in the healthy state, obviously is to withdraw from our notice all the vital motions, which should naturally go on below the consciousness. For instance, we do not *feel* the circulation of the blood,—we do not feel the expansion and contraction of the lungs,—nor the peristaltic action of the intestines;—neither the various secretions, as the gastric juice—bile—saliva, &c.

A morbid sensibility having been once brought on,—food when taken produces pain and a thousand unpleasant sensations both in the body and the mind,—for the nervous

sink under nausea. The vomiting, however, which takes place after meals is a dangerous affection.

Affections of the stomach are not confined to a suspension of its healthy functions merely,—dissection proves that there is often disease of structure also, as thickening of the coats—induration—scirrhus, &c. “But” says Howship “what do we learn by a diligent examination after death? that the ultimate consequence of long suspension of the digestive process, is an absolute deficiency in the necessary supplies of nutritious matter to the vascular system, and that instead of the proper constituents of healthy blood, the vessels large and small, especially those within the head, contain a fluid which, in the transparent veins of the brain, appears like water scarcely tinged, and in the arteries is pale and thin, from the great deficiency in the quality and quantity of the crassamentum.”

When the inebriate attends to his sensations, and state of health, the earliest symptoms of which he generally complains, are those accompanying dyspepsia; but much more frequently the health is totally disregarded—although the period will assuredly arrive when all draughts upon the constitution must be re-paid with compound interest. All attempts at cure are useless, unless accompanied with a total relinquishment of all selfish indulgences.

Sometimes from a want of nervous energy in the muscular coat of the intestines, the bowels are sluggish and loaded with disagreeable fæces; thus purgatives are sometimes eminently beneficial by evacuating a morbid mass, and partly improving the general health. The functions of the alimentary canal seldom remain unaffected.

But this is not all;—the stomach is the great thoroughfare for the causes of diseases, which radiate thence to all parts of

the corporeal fabric, and even to the mind itself. The stomach is usually considered the common centre of sympathy—and in this way it affects, and is affected by, every other function of the entire system. Thus physical disorder aids the moral causes in deranging the mind, whilst moral causes contribute not a little to the disorders of the stomach. The stomach and the brain act and re-act on each other. This sympathy of the stomach with every other part, is of so unqualified a cast, that it has been asserted, and sufficiently proved, by one of the first physiological writers and best surgeons of the present age, that many, if not most of the complaints that afflict human nature, may frequently be relieved or removed, by making a judicious appeal to this most important and interesting department of the economy.

The stomach is most abundantly supplied with nerves. But sympathy does not arise altogether from mere nervous connection;—it depends also a good deal upon the peculiarity of the sensation.*

The tranquillity of the mind depends most materially on the healthy condition of the stomach—the assimilation of the food having an important effect upon the mental operations. A sourness of temper may often be traced to acidities in the stomach;—and, indeed, he who does not digest well, is not likely either to act or feel as he ought. It cannot be wondered at, that those organs which are in closest sympathy with the stomach, and particularly the head, should be greatly influenced by its functions being deranged. Every mother knows that worms are frequently found to excite convulsions or epilepsy:—and that the irritation of teething often induces epileptic fits. Were it necessary these remarks could be illustrated by a thousand instances.

* Put but your toes into cold water

Your correspondent teeth will clatter.

PRION.

On the other hand :—the action of the stomach is disturbed by a wide range of mental emotions ;—and in consequence of sympathising with all the various passions and conflicting emotions, is subject to a crowd of distressing sensations and anomalous affections. The moral causes of gastric derangement are innumerable :—to enter fully into this subject would require a volume. Any of the depressing passions will derange the stomach. Vexation disturbs the stomach. Is the inebriate free from this ? Anxiety and preying care are very common causes of stomach complaints. Unfortunate people of every class are almost invariably dyspeptic. I am half-inclined to suspect that the stomach suffers far more in this way, than from those agents which are sometimes called pleasing poisons (concealed in our kitchens and cellars), although the poor stomach generally bears all the blame. There is no function of the body which is so much influenced by mental impressions as that series of actions constituting what is termed digestion. The unexpected communication of any distressing event destroys the keenest appetite ;—a fact says Dr. Paris, which did not escape the penetrating eye of our immortal Shakespeare, for he represents Henry dismissing Wolsey from his government with these words

——— Read o'er this ;
And after this ; and then to breakfast,
With what appetite you may.

The few facts here cited may be sufficient to shew that nice fellowship of feeling which the brain and stomach often exhibit.

Indulgence in food and drinks must ever prove a fruitful source of derangement to the digestive organs. Nature rarely suffers from abstinence, but continually from

repletion. Since, then, the energy of our brains seems so sadly dependent on the behaviour of our bowels, it behoves every man who is at all ambitious of possessing a clear head, that he takes good care to provide himself with a clean stomach.

LIVER.

It is the drunkard's stomach and liver which bear the chief onus of disease; neither of which are long before they betray prominent signs of diseased action. By drunkards the liver is usually denounced as the offender in chief—and it seems to be supposed generally, that intemperance has a decided *penchant* for the liver. Stomach and liver complaints are, it is true, to be found principally amongst those persons who in their habits of living, sin against the stomach. The constant irritation in the line of the digestive organs keeps up a determination of blood to those parts; and when any gland, or secreting surface is over-excited, the fluid secreted by it becomes unnatural in quantity—and in its quality is always depraved. But the liver and its secretions are deteriorated in a variety of ways. Unhealthy action of the stomach, is soon followed by deranged function or diseased structure in the liver;—its functions fall below par—and perpetual excitement terminates in congestion, chronic inflammation, or obstruction. In this country the most common and the most formidable diseases to which the dram-drinker is subjected are those of the liver. Amongst our continental neighbours affections of this viscus are comparatively little known:—their wine contains no uncombined brandy, whereas those wines most prized with us, have brandy purposely added to them to meet the demand of the British market. In the wine bibber, affections of this organ appear at a later period—but the liver is little, if at all affected, by wine that is perfectly

pure. The victims of that disease called *Melæna* (vulgarly black jaundice) are old drunkards, or such as are habituated to excess in epicurean indulgences. The discharges whether by mouth or anus, appear to consist of dark-coloured blood, poured out by the vessels of the villous coat of the stomach and intestines whilst in a state of disorganization, with an admixture of vitiated bile, and gastric and intestinal secretions. It is, however, a rare affection; and more the symptom of a disease in a broken constitution than a disease itself. A congestive condition of the biliary organ—or a torpor of the liver is generally complicated with dyspepsia. In the distilleries and breweries where hogs and fowls are fed on the grains left after distillation and fermentation, we find the livers of those creatures, enlarged, indurated or scirrhus. Hepatic derangements are exceedingly prevalent among the poor of large towns, who are in the habit of taking drams on an empty stomach. Hence, diseases of the liver are said to be far more common amongst the inhabitants of Dublin, than in those of London, Edinburgh, Manchester, or Leeds. The dissections at the Dublin hospitals exhibit greater derangement of this organ than almost any other;—it is seldom found free from either inflammation, adhesions, indurations or tubercles. It is, in short, found to be the most prolific parent of disease. As to the gall-bladder it is merely a sort of hand-maid to the liver.

The allegory of the companions of Ulysses being transformed into swine, is a fine emblem of this degrading habit. The drunkard's liver is also liable to have its functions deranged in another way besides the ingurgitation of ardent spirits: it is affected through the medium of the passions. Long-continued anger is well known to affect the liver—has sometimes laid the foundation of jaundice—and given a

deeper hue to the blood, as well as some other properties. The spirits are usually peculiarly depressed in chronic inflammation of the liver—the complexion is pale, sallow, or yellowish. In nervous and melancholic temperaments, the presence of vitiated bile in the duodenum sometimes occasions an alarming state of depression and prostration of the vital energies. The connexion betwixt the mind and the liver has been observed from the earliest times. The Poets abound with allusions to this: for instance, hear Dryden;

The yellow bile that in your bosom floats,
Gives rise to all those melancholy thoughts.

It is, indeed, by no means uncommon for a morbid secretion of the liver, to give a tinge to a man's character, as well as to his complexion.

LUNGS,

THE thoracic organs of the drunkard come in for a share of the consequences of inebriety. Consumption, "the giant malady of our land" (which annually sweeps off such a large proportion of the flower of our youth,) is a disease to which drunkards frequently fall a sacrifice. It is a disease dependent upon small bodies called tubercles seated in the cellular connecting membrane of the lungs. It is probable, that the germ of tubercles may be brought into the world with us; and it is certain, that by a little attention in guarding against the known existing causes of inflammation, these tubercles may long, or perhaps for life, remain in a state of quiescence. Whether the substance of the lungs be disorganized by the presence of a number of tubercles either in a dormant state, or in a state of progression, the complaint (under judicious management), may give, nevertheless, a long truce to its victims. Great mischief may, and is very often done, by

recommending persons hereditarily predisposed to consumption to too spare a diet; but far greater mischief arises from driving the blood with preternatural velocity through the lungs, which is the case in a fit of intoxication. The consumption of inebriates, however, is in a majority of instances, that variety of it technically termed "dyspeptic phthisis," which is a sequel to some prior disorder in the stomach, or liver, or both, rather than an idiopathic affection. When spirituous liquors operate upon a predisposed constitution, it is not difficult to discover in what way they may prove the excitants of this disease. The general health is first broken up, by the functions of the digestive organs being impaired; and by the nervous energy being exhausted. Next, the blood which nature intended should revolve through the arterial circle at a certain rate, is propelled with unnatural velocity through the lungs. In time, the capillaries take on diseased action, and at length tubercles are produced, or at least incited into action, when by proper management they might have remained latent through life. But the lungs are liable to a long list of severe affections which cannot here be enumerated. Intoxication will produce disease of the lungs in all its various declensions. The respiration of all inebriates is short, like that of an asthmatic person. Besides the office of respiration, the lungs are of the greatest importance in the business of assimilation, for they receive the blood immediately after its addition of fresh chyle.

Powerful moral emotions, also, by deranging the functions of the heart, and digestive organs, affect indirectly the respiratory organs, and not unfrequently settle into incurable disease. Spitting of blood too, is frequently one of the consequences of drunkenness, and sometimes arises from plethora, the vessels being ruptured by the morbid distension and

impetus of the blood. But in old drunkards it sometimes happens from sheer debility. From the accelerated circulation produced by spirituous excitement, coupled with the debilitated state of the vessels of the lungs, the tunics give way, no longer being able to withstand the blood's rapid rush.

HEART.

Every time that a debauch is committed, the heart and arteries are preternaturally stimulated. The habitual drunkard, who daily deranges the vital machinery by too much rapidity of motion, and who delights in a fine galloping pulse, often brings on structural as well as functional disease of the heart.—It is, indeed, almost superfluous to state, that disordered function will, in time, produce disordered structure; or, that the violence with which the blood is driven through the vital organs must necessarily tend to develop any local weakness which may exist. Nature intended the heart and arteries to beat at a given rate; what that rate may be, cannot exactly be determined. An approximation to truth, may be made by observing, that the best Physiologists, consider the mass of the blood, to average, in a middle sized adult, ten pounds, or 120 ounces:—that the pulsations are seventy-five in a minute, or 4500 in an hour: and that the quantity of blood expelled from the left ventricle of the heart, at each contraction, is about two ounces. What the blood's velocity may be during a fit of intoxication, it is impossible to tell, as drunkenness in this instance, as in many others, bids defiance to all arithmetic. For occasional irregularity, nature has made the most ample provision, and it is very certain that unnatural action of the heart, and the whole arterial circle, cannot be daily continued without danger. The excitement is invariably followed, the day

subsequent to the debauch, by a state of collapse. The heart is so much enfeebled, that its healthy action is lost for awhile, and its right side is loaded with blood, as well as the large vessels in its neighbourhood. This disturbed condition, must of course, influence other and distant parts, and opens the door to the operation of a variety of other causes of disease. Thus, we find giddiness, sickness of the stomach, and palpitation. The mental emotions, also, which accompany drunkenness, as anger, joy, fear, &c.—have a powerful influence on the functions of the heart, and urge it into all sorts of irregularity. The passions act upon the sensorium, and the sensorium acts upon the nerves of the heart, and excites its irritability. Hence we may explain the palpitations, fainting fits, and many other anomalous symptoms, commonly called nervous, and from some one or other of which, no drunkard is totally free. Occasional excess, will sometimes bring on a palpitation similar to that fluttering which fear brings on, when the heart rises in its action till it throbs and beats against the ribs. It is seldom attended with any danger. Its remissions distinguish it from any organic disease, and a jaunt, for a few days or a week, with cheerful company, will cure it altogether. The inebriates life is made up of rapturous agitations, and debilitating day-dreams:—and from these mental and bodily perturbations, there is sure, at last, to supervene chronic inflammation. But this may fall, and mostly does, on the liver—the stomach—the brain—or its investments, or some organ at a distance. To these affections the dram-drinker is most liable:—drams are not content with battering the outworks, but take possession of the citadel at once.

The heart is termed, appropriately enough, the seat of government;—that it is the seat of some of those passions

which usurp dominion over the drunkard's judgment, is so well known, that it need not here be dwelt upon. Some drunkards die of what, in popular language, is termed a broken-heart. Nor is this a mere figurative expression, for it is founded in nature, and, therefore, on truth. Numbers of all ages, both temperate and intemperate, droop, as it were, and one knows not why, under the silent, but withering influence, of the depressing passions. The worst of all bankruptcies, says an elegant author, is a bankruptcy of the heart.

The actual number of broken hearts may not be numerous:—but there are a vast number which are so sadly cracked that they can never be made to ring well: and as to their ever being mended, it is a thing utterly beyond the reach of human ingenuity.

HEAD-ACHE.

Amongst the almost innumerable causes which are productive of this numerous and distressing class of affections, intemperance holds a foremost rank. Not only habitual, but any casual derangement of the digestive process, will inevitably convey its influence to the head, from the sympathy which exists between the nerves of the stomach and the brain. On this account it is, that we so much more frequently meet with head-ache as a sympathetic than a primary affection. A head-ache, then, may arise from some fault in the stomach; and is often a most unwelcome attendant upon defective energy in the upper bowels. Obstructions in the liver cause the most tormenting head-aches. There is a species of head-ache, attended more with confusion than pain, to which the drunkard is particularly subject. But beside those which hinge upon disordered action in the

stomach and bowels, we find head-aches arising from a deranged state of the nervous system : and also, some others, where we must look to the brain as their fountain-head. Head-ache, is among the most obtrusive symptoms of "*next day*," as has already been noticed elsewhere. This head-ache is owing, partly, to a languid circulation through the brain, where the circulation of the blood is clogged, and the veins distended from the heart's collapse;—and, partly, from gastric and intestinal derangement. As the causes of head-aches are different, so the phenomena by which they are accompanied, likewise vary. The diagnostic symptoms peculiar to each, are readily distinguishable by the practical physician. It is, I presume, almost needless to observe, that the inebriate is more open to the operation of all these causes than other people.

When we recollect, the close sympathy that exists betwixt the stomach and the head;—the imperfect manner in which the drunkard's stomach performs its functions;—the deteriorated state of his liver, and the unhealthy action of the whole alimentary canal, necessarily consequent upon all this; we are not surprised that a toper should frequently have a dreadful head-ache, but are amazed that he should ever be without one.

OBESITY.

Excess in the use of wine, or malt liquors, holds a prominent station in the causes which produce corpulence; a state of body, in which a man puffs and wheezes, under that burden which he has taken so much pains to encumber himself with. The various secretions which are constantly going forward in the body, require as constant a supply of newly-formed blood;—and in perfect health, the

quantity always bears an exact proportion to the demand. When from indolence or too great indulgence in eating and drinking, a quantity of blood is formed more than sufficient for the wear and tear of the system,—the blood-vessel system is overcharged, and the healthy balance is lost. Nature being unable to throw off the superabundant supply of nutrition, which is poured into the vascular system, deposits it in the shape of fat. From the accumulation of fat, the motions of the diaphragm are impeded, whence arises that difficulty of breathing, which so much annoys the corpulent. Those who cultivate the noble arts of eating and drinking, have usually, (unless exceedingly well-trained in the school of Epicurus) that rotundity called pot-belly, and what Prince Henry in his address to Falstaff, calls “a globe of sinful continents.” By constant distention, the stomach holds, and requires for satiety, a greater bulk of food than in its natural state. Some spirit drinkers, during their apprenticeship to drunkenness, become fat; but in the end, are greatly emaciated. Indolence, indulgence in sleep, and above all, tranquillity of mind, are necessary to its production. Obesity joined to indolence, predisposes to many diseases, and sometimes renders patients irrevocable from casual disorders, which in other people are attended with no serious consequences. Some people will get fat upon any thing. It is not very likely, that many will pursue the plan which old Parr advises in such cases, notwithstanding it possesses the merit of being, at once, both very simple and very effectual. “If,” says he, “you be inclined to grow fat, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut.”

hastily to infer, that all the diseases of the skin, with which a person may be visited, are to his advantage. In some, the whole of the skin becomes dry and scaly;—in others petechiæ, or purple spots, come on, which appear and disappear alternately, for months together. Inebriates are more liable than other people to oedematous erysipelas.

Erysipelas, in a majority of instances, is connected with, or dependant on, derangement of the general health. The veteran debauchee must not be surprised, if his enjoyments should suffer considerable abridgement, by the appearance of those very distressing, tedious, and often dangerous attendants upon debility, called carbuncles.—We may estimate the degree of peril, by the magnitude, situation, and number of such swellings:—but, indeed, all ulcers of a serious nature, will be found to follow the fortune of the general frame.

FACE.

This index of the mind, is, in the confirmed toper, transformed into an index of the stomach. One of the common effects of hard drinking, is inflammation and soreness of the eyes, and their appendages. An inflammation in one eye, generally extends to the other. The eye-lids are often swollen and tender:—the fine membrane which lines their interior, is turgid with blood, accompanied with great heat, and redness. The tears flow in abundance from the lacrymal gland. During sleep, a glutinous fluid is secreted, which sometimes cements the eye-lids so closely together, that there is some difficulty in separating them in the morning. Sometimes, the soreness disappears in a few days, but when these inflammations are often repeated, they must, in time, impair the sensibility of this beautiful organ. It has

occasionally happened, that the inflammation has been so vehement as to produce irreparable mischief, or even to bereave the person of vision altogether. If a man prefer liquor to his eyesight, let him go on by all means.

The whole countenance is bloated :—the complexion is sallow, and has, in some cases, a dingy, dirty appearance. The faces of such as carry the colours of Bacchus, are sadly disfigured with a group of blotches, of one sort or other. A carbuncled face, is proverbially regarded as a proof that its possessor has sacrificed too copiously to the jolly God. In Ireland these protuberances are, appropriately enough, called “grog-blossoms.” Shakespeare, in describing the physiognomy of a hard drinker, tells us, that his face “is all bubukles, welks, knobs, and flames of fire!!”—Amidst the numerous tribe of deformities with which the “human face divine,” is sometimes studded, and which take such liberties with our personal property—a pretty plentiful crop usually falls to the share of the nasal promontory. No where is there to be found a more striking and grotesque picture of the rubicund nose of the drunkard, than that on the face of that pimple-nosed spirit Bardolph.

It cannot be expected that all drunkards should know, that the membrane which lines the stomach and gullet, extends to the mouth and nostrils. But such is the fact :—and we are thus enabled to account for the redness of the nostrils, from which few drunkards are totally exempt.

The teeth, have a stained and foul appearance :—the gums are tumid, red, and spongy, and often bleed. The lips are furry, swollen, loose and flabby. Aphthous ulcerations in the mouth and throat take place. But, after all, the tip of the central feature seems, decidedly the favourite out-post.

APOPLEXY.

Few conditions of the frame are more common than plethora, where from the rich tide of nutriment which daily flows through the internal organs, the vessels at length, become so distended as to threaten to relieve themselves by rupture, and thus suddenly snap the thread of life.

What then can be more mischievous than inebriety, by which the circulation (already too rapid) will be still further accelerated, and the vessels still further distended? The portions of the brain in the tracts of the large vessels, must be injuriously pressed upon, when these vessels are inordinately dilated.

The formidable disease called apoplexy, is, in the majority of instances, produced by whatever tends to an accumulation of blood in the head. A sudden rush of blood may burst the blood-vessels, and blood be extravasated upon the brain;—or, the circulation may be so hurried, and the vessels swollen to such an extent as to compress the medullary substance, and the nerves themselves, both in their origin and progress—and thus abolish sense, and voluntary motion. In these two ways is apoplexy produced. Such being the case, it is quickly discoverable, that there are few things so likely to produce it, as drunkenness. It is a condition fraught with danger, and cannot be contemplated without apprehension. In some persons there is a predisposition to apoplexy. In such individuals, an occasional debauch will sometimes as certainly lead to apoplexy, as habitual intoxication will in another, who is destitute of such diathesis. A lethargic state is but a prelude to apoplexy, and, indeed, it is mostly after the approach of sleep that the disease cuts off the drunkard:—sleep, at all times, favouring the malady. Beyond the middle period of life, the blood has a natural

tendency to accumulate in the veins. Hence, those persons who indulge in the pleasures of the board at an advanced age, and who do not grow fat, are continually in jeopardy from distention. Some are relieved by a bleeding at the nose, the pituitary membrane alone giving way :—in a few, there is bleeding from the lungs :—in others, the attack terminates either in death, or palsy. When a person is in that state vulgarly called dead-drunk, he is much nearer actual death than is commonly supposed. The term is within a fraction of the truth, for the thin covering of a small vessel, is all that separates him from eternity !

In apoplexy, the person dies from suffocation :—the respiratory muscles being unable to sustain the function of breathing, for want of a due supply of nervous influence. Death from poisoning by narcotics, takes place in the same manner. Porter and ale drinkers are the most liable to this disease : this arises, partly, from the great quantity of nourishing matter which these liquors contain, and, in all probability, from the narcotic ingredients with which they are sometimes fraudulently charged. Purl drinkers are also said to be liable to apoplexy.

The disease which in warm climates is called *coup de soleil* appears to be an attack of apoplexy :—it is very rare in this country. Louis XIV. being attacked with it, recovered after being nine times bled. It commonly occurs in plethoric habits—in men exposed on service (with the stomach distended with food, and the vascular system excited by ardent spirits) under a burning sun, or while sleeping in a drunken fit, exposed to the solar rays.

EPILEPSY.

Confirmed drunkards are peculiarly subject to epilepsy, or falling sickness, of which fact the records of medicine furnish abundant proofs. When a predisposition to the disease exists, it may be excited into action by almost any of the passions, or mental emotions. But from whatever cause it may arise, it is very certain, that inebriety always accelerates its accession, for the number of fits are always increased by whatever tends to debilitate the system, or disturb the equilibrium of the circulating fluids. Some, in whom there is a strong predisposition to the complaint, never get drunk without a fit coming on, and this usually happens in the first stages of drunkenness, *before stupor comes on*. Pure epilepsy is seldom fatal;—but it sometimes terminates in idiotism. Men of a high nervous temperament, are subject to convulsions from agitation of mind, or similar causes.

Persons endowed with exquisite nervous sensibility, become convulsed when they are ever so slightly intoxicated. A few years ago, a French medical journal gave an account of what was called “convulsive-drunkenness.” It happens in persons of very irritable constitutions, and, for the most part, comes on a few hours *after* the debauch. All kinds of drink will produce it; but it is met with, principally, among soldiers and sailors, after drinking new rum, new wine, or adulterated spirits of any kind, especially if they have been exposed to an ardent sun. The man may leave the punch-house, walk some way, and get home, without exhibiting any other than the common symptoms of intoxication. But presently he begins to feel a burning heat at the stomach—a giddiness in the head—a pain across the *os frontis*, which induces him, involuntarily, as it were, to press it with his hand. His eyes sparkle, and his countenance becomes haggard, with *subsultus*

tendinum, and stertorous breathing. To these symptoms are added, nausea, followed by convulsions, in which, if he happen to be alone, he may dash himself against the walls, or floor, or precipitate himself headlong into the street. There is little doubt but that this orgasm in the nervous and muscular systems, together with the pain in the head, arises from the great irritation in the stomach, (the centre of sympathies,) whence is propagated, by a species of irradiation, the same irritation to other organs and parts.

PARALYSIS.

This is frequently the associate, or rather the sequel of apoplexy, and there is such an alliance betwixt them, that the ancients considered apoplexy as a universal palsy, and palsy a partial apoplexy. They are, however, something more. Drunkenness is amongst the most frequent causes of shaking-palsy. Many, in whom there is a constitutional predisposition to the disease, experience, sometimes for years before the actual accession of the attack, an occasional sense of intoxication, although no inebriating agent whatever may have been taken. Need any man be told, that inebriety is sure to hasten the evil hour, and most effectually counteract every means adopted to avert it? Nothing is so likely to develope the latent evil. In paralytic persons, the bowels undergo troublesome constipation, from the loss of nervous influence to their muscular coat. Those who, in their youth, have by a course of habitual excess impaired the healthy action of the liver, are frequently the subjects of palsy in after life. Hoffman has particularly noticed this cause, and also Morgagni.—There sometimes succeeds a slight degree of paralysis in all the limbs, or, at least, an incapacity of moving them with any considerable effect, so that wherever

they are placed, there they generally remain, till removed by the attendant. Paralysis sometimes arises from those mental shocks which are met with in the world: but any thing that debilitates the nervous power may give rise to the disease, as intemperate exertions either of body or mind. Too frequently, the poor sufferer is doomed to pass through the remainder of a wretched existence with only one half of his body subservient to his will, and shorn of half his powers. If, unhappily, he should survive the loss of reason, he then presents an object truly pitiable and humiliating. All that was valuable is fled:—the *shell* only remains.

KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

The urinary organs come in for a share of the evil effects of hard drinking. The morning after a debauch, the urine is turbid and sedimentous. Spirits drunk to excess, produce an inordinate excitement in the kidneys, and increase the urinary secretion. The kidneys are organs of defence against vascular fullness. Diabetes is a disease in which there is a frequent, and profuse flow of urine, of a sweet smell and taste. The quantity is frequently greater than the whole ingesta; and insatiable thirst, dry skin, voracious appetite, and gradual emaciation of the whole body, often occur in these constitutions which have been shattered by intemperance. Diabetes is a disease not assailing an healthy, but a broken constitution, and is often the result of intemperance and vice. Dr. Trotter states, that the majority of persons whom he has known subject to this disease, were lovers of the bottle: and he thinks many drunkards have it, without taking notice of it. This, I believe, to be a mistake. Yet diabetes is something more than an immoderate flow of urine.

The inebriate is liable to calculous affections; especially the wine-bibber. Drinkers of genuine malt-liquor are very rarely afflicted with stone in the bladder. Malt-liquor possesses anti lithic virtues. Haller opened the bodies of three hundred and fifty beer-drunkards, and found only two instances of calculus. Cyprianus, on the other hand, who is said to have performed the operation of lithotomy, 1400 times, states, that the greater number of his patients were wine-drinkers.

Urine, in a healthy state, is always an acid secretion; and this excess of acid, holds the earthy salts in solution. If, from any cause, this excess of acid is diminished, the earthy parts are no longer held in solution: hence, a calcareous *deposit* commences.

DROPSY.

Dropsy is, in most instances, the result of debility. In the inebriate, it is, for the most part, the sequel of diseased liver;—and, in this case, may safely be considered, as the harbinger of death. Amongst the poor, whose frames have been unstrung by weak intoxicating fluids, dropsical affections constitute a predominant feature. Half the dropsies among the lower classes, originate, or, are confirmed, by the use of gin. In those persons, also, constipation of the bowels is a universal symptom. In health the exhalent vessels supply a fine lubricating fluid to the surface of all internal organs, which enables them to play with ease upon each other. When the system is greatly weakened, much more fluid is effused, by the relaxed exhalents, than the debilitated absorbents can take up: the effect is a dropsical effusion. Sometimes, it is produced by chronic disorganization: a chronic inflammation may invade a weak organ—

disorganize its structure—and occasion a dropsical effusion. The swelling of the legs and feet, which some topers have, is an effusion of lymph into the cellular membrane, and is merely a symptomatic affection.—Long sitting will produce this in some people, as a journey in a coach.—Inactivity renders the absorbents sluggish: fear quickens their action.

HYSTERIA.

More than one writer asserts, that private tippling is a far more fertile cause of hysterical affections than is commonly imagined. Females are said to feign complaints, to ward off suspicion. And this is not all. The libel is pushed a little farther by adding, that many ladies acquire a habit of tippling, about that period of life when they take out the brevet-rank of Mrs. and append it to the maiden name! No—no—no. Blistered be the tongue that links the word drunkenness with the name of woman! That hysteric fits, as popular language denotes them, are occasionally produced, by imbibing a more sparkling beverage than flows from Helicon, is just possible. But when it is roundly asserted that private dram-drinking is a very common cause, I must avow, that the gallant principle of "*place aux dames*," seems, to me, most sadly infringed upon. Besides, the most lovely women are affected with hysterics; and surely, they would not, voluntarily, exchange beauty, for disease and ugliness; nor take away that grace and softness which form the charm of the female character. In the young, the heart will often be ruffled by slight emotions, as the finest spirits are the easiest to inflame. As to married women, hysterics come on from various causes, with which, at present, we have nothing to do. It is said that ladies in the upper ranks of life, who wish for a temporary exhilaration, have recourse to opium

for that purpose. This is, certainly, a less offensive mode of fascinating the sensations, but is not unattended with danger. Lord Chesterfield speaks of a lady whose reputation was not lost, but only *misaid*. We are to keep in remembrance, that hysteria is quite a genteel complaint, rarely condescending to visit the humble cot, but is mostly met with in the apartments of the rich.

I am disposed to think that tippling exists, in the female sex, but to a very limited extent, except in the very lowest of the low. It is the vice of the unfortunate Cyprians of the pavé, who fly to liquor, to drown the memory of the past, the anticipation of the future, and every moral feeling. It is the vice, perhaps, of some fish-nymph, who fancies that a dram will enable her to chant, with greater compass of music, the eulogy of deceased mackerel ! But this is a bottle which I cannot think of emptying at this sitting : and as it has, of late, been rendered rather muddy, from being agitated by the hand of rudeness, I shall here take the liberty to cork it up again, and return it to the sideboard.

PREMATURE OLD AGE.

A spendthrift of constitution, finds, in a very few years, that to sport with the health, is a much more serious matter than he had imagined. Before he has well entered upon manhood, he is overtaken with senectitude;—he begins to decay, before he has had time to ripen. This condition is not produced by the cold and shrivelled hand of time, but by a vital extravagance in the morning of his life. It is the result of a worn-out stamina, before he has reached the mid-way of his existence. It is not surprising, that the premature loss of health, should follow the violated laws of nature. The strength—spirits—appetite, and sleep equally fail—and these

symptoms creep on, almost imperceptibly. The face is visibly attenuated, though sometimes bloated. Sad stories are written on the forehead:—there is a dejected visage—a dim hollow eye—a quivering lip—faltering tongue—a trembling hand—tottering gait—a weak judgment—timidity, and irresolution. He crawls about pallid and sunk. Dotage is always accelerated by the pursuit of sensual gratifications; and there is much truth in the remark, that the excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, a few years after date. Long-continued grief, will, however sometimes alone produce the same effect: and in the journey of life, as in other journeys, it does not fall to the lot of every man to travel upon Macadamized roads.

Most old spirit-drinkers become much emaciated;—some of them, like Justice Shallow, are so thin as to look like a man “made after supper, of a cheese paring.” They have bellies rather tumid, and thin legs. The lower extremities become emaciated first, and are attacked with frequent cramps and pains in the joints, which finally settle in the soles of the feet:—the feet, as well as the legs, become smooth and shining—the small hairs of the skin falling off. The legs are sometimes so tender, that the weight of a finger excites exclamations of pain, yet in a moment after, heavy pressure, sometimes gives no uneasiness.

The veins are dilated as in old age, the venous system being greatly overloaded. In youth, the arterial system exceeds the venous;—in middle life, both are equally balanced;—in old age, the venous far surpasses the arterial, with an uncommon activity of the absorbent system. We have ocular demonstration that in advanced life, the blood, to a certain extent, leaves the arteries and accumulates in the veins—and there is an internal as well as an external plethora of the veins.

He, then, who takes up life beforehand, must expect to exchange strength and beauty, for feebleness and deformity—and to bring on prematurely that condition, in which the senses are benumbed, and desire fails. He may be assured that “to this complexion it must come at last.”

Time drives the wheels of his curriole across the countenance, and we have not, as yet, hit upon any method of filling up the ruts which they make. “Time” says Goldsmith, “increases our wishes to live, whilst it lessens our enjoyments; and as it robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination with the spoil.” Intemperance, then,

————— “spurs to its last stage tir’d life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.”

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

And whatever, says the reader, is delirium tremens? I will tell him. This singular affection, has been described by Dr. Sutton, formerly physician to the forces. Drs. Pearson and Armstrong have described it, under the denomination of “the brain fever of inebriety.” Mr. Blake, surgeon to his Majesty’s fifth regiment of foot, has well described ten cases, which occurred in the right wing of the regiment within one year, in the Island of St. Vincent. He prefers the term “delirium ebriositatis.” It is admitted, on all sides, that the abuse of inebriating liquor, is its only, and sole cause, and that the confirmed drunkard, and he alone, is visited by its alarming attacks. This kind of high intoxication, is called delirium tremens from the circumstance, that while encephalic excitement is at a very high pitch, there is a trembling and powerless condition of the general system, differing on the one hand, from the oppression of fever, and on the other, from the excitement of real and high

inflammation. In this disease, the body and the mind exhibit equal feebleness, combined with a high degree of irritability; and the patient often falls a sacrifice in a few days. From the regularity with which the symptoms have appeared, in most cases, Mr. Blake has been led to divide this malady into three stages, and to consider it a disease *sui generis*: somewhat similar in its progress to a paroxysm of ague, being to the brain and nerves, what intermittent fever is to the arterial system. This arrangement I shall follow.

The prominent features of the first stage, or that of nervous exhaustion, are dejection of spirits, restlessness, and depression of countenance: short and interrupted slumbers, with frightful dreams, nervous trembling of the hands and tongue; the latter moist and slightly furred. The pulse slow: coldness of the hands and feet, which are commonly bedewed with a clammy icy moisture, accompanied with general debility, diminution of temperature, owing to the defect of sensorial and nervous influence. Cramp in the muscles of the extremities—loss of appetite—and, occasionally, nausea and vomiting. The bowels are generally open.

The second, or stage of nervous excitement, is marked by the countenance gradually assuming a wild aspect—great watchfulness—and alienation of mind in various forms. The patient attempts to get out of bed, and cannot be convinced of the fallacy of his ideas. He answers questions with great quickness, and appears exceedingly anxious to perform, immediately, whatever you desire. The heat of the surface increases:—the pulse becomes quicker, though small. If this state continues long without amelioration, clammy sweats pour from the skin, accompanied with high nervous irritability. The disorder of the mind increases:—objects of the most frightful forms, present themselves to

the imagination. The mental bias is generally of a melancholy sort, usually, concerning some misfortune to which he was liable previous to his illness. From the moment delirium is fairly established, the patient is deprived of sleep;—but if, before matters have come to this extremity, a refreshing sleep creep gradually over the frame, the irritability subsides, and a healthful quiescence succeeds to general commotion. When sleep does not come on, the tremor of the hands and tongue continues, and the latter is more furred. The countenance becomes particularly anxious—the pupils of the eyes are contracted—but there is no intolerance of light. The patient mutters with incessant rapidity, and the delirium may be easily interrupted, for a moment, by asking him a question. Constant watchfulness or vigilance (*per-vigilium*) may be looked upon as a pathognomonic symptom of this stage.

If, after one, two, or even three days, a fatal termination does not appear about to take place, a gradual mitigation of these symptoms appears, accompanied with a strong disposition to sleep, which after it comes on, is in general profound, and lasts from 6 to 18 hours, or even longer.

This sleep constitutes the third or sleeping stage, but should it not occur, the general symptoms increase in violence. The mind appears to labour under excessive irritation; violent and frequent struggles ensue, attended with copious perspiration, which as the disease advances becomes deadly cold. The pulse, increased in rapidity, becomes thready, and declines in strength. The twitching of the tendons subsides into a tremor, which spreads over the whole body. The countenance seems pale and anxious: the pupils are exceedingly contracted—the tongue is brown and dry in the centre. He talks incessantly, and with astonishing rapidity:

the delirium grows excessive, and continues till a short time before death. There is throughout the disease, a marked difference betwixt the temperature of the hands and feet and the rest of the body;—the former retaining, in some degree, the icy and clammy feel, whilst the rest of the surface is hot and dry.

Such is a rough sketch of the brain-fever of ebriety, during the whole course of which the patient seldom complains of any local pain; and if you ask him how he feels, will answer “very well.”

The *predisposing* cause, is agreed upon, to be the habitual and excessive abuse of ardent spirits. The *exciting* cause, is a sudden cessation of the application of such stimuli to the nervous system (through the medium of the digestive organs).

As the symptoms differ from any other malady, it is not difficult to recognize it. The only diseases with which it is liable to be confounded, are phrenzy and mania. One distinctive mark, in this species of alienation, is, that the hallucination, in nine cases out of ten, solely concerns the patient's private affairs. The disease is a delirium, and not a mania. From mania it may be distinguished by a better mark than this. In mania, the derangement increases at the appearance of daylight, while in the disease under consideration, the contrary is the case: the spectral hallucination, and all the symptoms, become more violent at night, and undergo a sort of remission as the day begins to break.

The established practice of treating this complaint, is diametrically opposite to that used for combating cerebral inflammation. What to the general reader, may appear very strange, is this circumstance; that the mode of

treatment which experience has proved to be the best, is that of giving, in most cases, the very thing which produced the malady, together with large doses of opium. Opium and small doses of wine, rum, brandy, gin, or rather of that liquor to which the person has been accustomed, are given with modifications according to symptoms. As the symptoms vary, there must be some variation in the treatment, due regard being had to constitution, age, temperament, &c.

The patient must *sleep or die*. There is no alternative. The physician should personally watch the effect of the large doses of opium given, and should see his patient once every hour. A certain effect is to be produced *coute qui coute*, and we must go on exhibiting opium, in considerable doses, at such short intervals as are sufficient to permit its accumulation in the *primæ viæ*, until enough has been taken to produce sleep. To produce an impression, opium must be given in doses increased enormously beyond those which are requisite for ordinary purposes. Five or six grains alone, are, in a case of any severity, absolutely a nullity: they will not drive away a single spectre. Doses much beyond this are frequently given, and in doing so not the least danger is to be apprehended. As a stimulant, capsicum has been found an excellent auxiliary. But a valuable part of the treatment consists in soothing and tranquillizing the patient's mind, and in endeavouring to gain an ascendancy over him, without the slightest coercive measure. He must on no account, whatever, be contradicted. In short, the same moral management is here required, as in other cases of sickly understanding. But it is useless to enlarge here upon this topic, as the case must be consigned to the medical practitioner. The symptoms will vary somewhat in each particular case, and require to be narrowly watched, that advantage

may be taken of every favourable opportunity, and no chance let slip.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

We are told by men whose learning and veracity are unquestionable, and who are far from being credulous, that the body is sometimes burnt and reduced to ashes, by a long and inordinate use of spirituous liquors. Numerous instances of such incineration have been presented to us, and Dr. Trotter, in his excellent essay on drunkenness, has occupied no fewer than twenty-nine pages with this subject. Upon a first view, these cases seem destitute of probability, and have, doubtless, an air of the marvellous: but an account is not immediately to be censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, and facts are always preferable to reasoning. They may be viewed through the dangerous prism of prejudice, but the cases are attested from such respectable quarters, by men of such high character, and carry such conviction along with them, that any longer to withhold our consent, seems absurd. By far the greater number of cases have occurred in old females, and amongst the rest in the Countess of Cesena. This lady was accustomed to bathe her whole body in spirits of wine, and the lamp and candle, which were found near her ashes, is thought by many, as sufficiently proving that her death was a result purely accidental. Spontaneous combustion, in all probability, had no more to do with the matter than in the case of Charles II. King of Navarre, who having been weakened by drunkenness and debauchery, caused himself to be wrapped up in clothes dipped in spirits, in order to revive the natural heat of his body: the clothes caught fire, and he perished. Dr. Paris and M. Fonblanque seem even to doubt

that the body may become preternaturally inflammable. Many talented physicians distrust altogether the few cases in which the body is said to have taken fire spontaneously. But as to the occurrence of a preternatural combustibility, through means of which, the body when once inflamed, will contrive to supply fuel for its own combustion till it is almost or entirely consumed,—however contrary the phenomenon may be to preconceived notions, or however revolting to credibility, there is perhaps no dispassionate inquirer, who will reject the mass of evidence now collected in support of it, without also rejecting human testimony altogether.

The phenomenon is, clearly, one which comes under the department of animal chemistry, and has not yet met with that attention which it merits.

In short, few believe the cases recorded to be authentic; and I know not who shall disentangle the question of the difficulties with which it has so long been surrounded. More than this I am tempted to suppress, being unwilling to demand the belief of others, to that which appears incredible to myself. The subject forms one of the most inexplicable links in the chain of morbid affections: and those who feel disposed to prosecute the subject, may find abundant materials in the philosophical transactions, especially XLIII. and XLIV. vols.—and in the various medical journals, both foreign and domestic.

MIND.

There is nothing like drunkenness for giving the mind a twist. Whilst these changes are going on in the body—the mental powers suffer a change no less remarkable. If, happily, the drunkard should escape the most formidable bodily ills which follow in the train of intemperance, he never fails to

experience its baneful influence on the mind. Drunkenness is, therefore, an actual disease of the corporeal and mental functions. The close sympathy which exists between the stomach and the brain, cannot be too often called to the reader's remembrance. It ought to be within the knowledge of every man, that there can be no impression made on the body which does not in some degree, however limited, affect the mind also: and as sympathies are reciprocal, those are again reflected back upon the body.

Notwithstanding so much has been written concerning the physiology of the brain, the subject is still surrounded with difficulties. All we know with certainty is, that the brain is the organ of the mind; that the nerves and the spinal marrow are the agents by which it acts, and is acted upon, while life endures; and that the office of the nervous system is two-fold. We know no more: and may safely disregard idle hypotheses and extravagant conceits.

The influence of the intellect over the organized matter to which it is linked, is far greater than is commonly supposed: and it will be found that the functions of the body, never preserve their healthy or active tenour, where anxiety of mind is present. Anxiety, in short, has a peculiar power over the heart, the stomach, liver, and other parts concerned in the process of digestion. Unhappiness and stomach complaints are seldom far apart. Drunkenness is so dextrous a marksman as generally to hit with both barrels, right and left.

The habit of intoxication once acquired, soon renders the individual unhappy. Anxiety preys upon both the body and soul, and like the stream of Lethe, benumbs and chills every energy. No mental feeling which usurps dominion over the judgment, is more afflictive or tends more to embitter

life with false and visionary ideas, than a habit of anxiety. Under the withering influence of this malady, the materials of the fabric moulder away, almost as imperceptibly as under the leisurely operation of time. The person is inexorable to the genial thrill of unreprieved pleasures, and flees from every appearance of joy as from an apparition. A recurrence to the bottle is by no means calculated to "smooth the brow of care."

In the last stage of a *casual* fit of intoxication, the disposition is, in many men, totally perverted;—but habitual excess, produces a permanent perversion of the natural disposition. The fact has not been sufficiently attended to, and many men are, perhaps, ignorant of the matter altogether. It is to this circumstance more than to any other, that we look upon a drunkard with such feelings of disgust and abhorrence. A change of the general manner, first indicates the influence of excess on the mental operations.

Inebriates are first unhappy—then dyspeptic—then hypochondriacal—next melancholic—and lastly maniacal. Men of genius are the most liable to hypochondriasis, for being endowed with the finest feelings, they are morbidly acute, and singularly apprehensive. This disease is often the result of grinding poverty—disappointed expectations—and blasted hopes.

That worst of human afflictions, insanity, is frequently induced or at least developed by drunkenness, a fact of which our lunatic asylums, can, unfortunately, furnish but too copious and convincing testimony.

The changes that precede this worst of human afflictions, are always slow, and perhaps advance under the guise of a little quickness of temper. There is often an intermediate and equivocal state, between entire sanity and decided de-

rangement; a state in which a vast proportion of drunkards may be considered as nosologically placed.

In the preceding pages it has been attempted, more than once, to shew that the disorder of the digestive organs is often secondary to that of the brain. It has also been attempted to be shewn, the vast influence which the digestive organs have upon the brain, the organ of the intellectual functions. Moreover than this, it has been repeatedly stated, that the diseases of the one and the diseases of the other, are frequently co-existent. The best authorities concur in stating that insanity is, in a great majority of cases, a sympathetic affection; and from a collection of dissections by distinguished Anatomists and Physicians of the very highest character, it appears that more than *one* in *five* corpses of maniacs, present no evidence of any disease whatever!

OBSERVATIONS.

The catalogue of diseases now given, formidable as it may appear to some, contains those only which most frequently assail the drunkard. It would be manifestly impossible to enumerate in the space allotted, all the minor complaints to which drunkenness gives rise, and were it otherwise, it would be to transgress my plan. The complaints here enumerated are, in fact, but a *tithe* of the whole; for to give an account of all the diseases which habitual intoxication either increases, complicates, or renders more dangerous, would be no less a task than to go through the whole nosology. Several ailments which levy severe contributions on health and happiness, and which might, with propriety, have here found a place, have purposely been withheld. I may mention, once for all, that the complaints produced by adulterations have been

designedly withheld ;—as the *cholica-pictonum* and others. Nor has any thing been said of maladies which are the offspring of those enervating pleasures, which are sometimes associated with drunkenness, and which are frequently the portion of debauchees who wallow in voluptuousness. These diseases may truly be said to be the interest of pleasures. Those have also been purposely passed over, from motives which the reader will readily discover.

Neither has any mention been made of the inebriate's situation, should he be overtaken with any serious accident. Every hospital surgeon can attest, that dray-men, coal-heavers, hackney-coachmen, and the numerous tribe of gin-drinkers, are the most unfavourable subjects for severe injuries ; for in them, even a trifling injury, is sometimes followed by the most serious constitutional disturbance.

It was an axiom amongst the ancients, that acute diseases are from heaven, and chronic ones from ourselves ; and it is these latter, to which the inebriate is chiefly subjected. In any acute disease, however produced, whether by intemperance or otherwise, it requires not a moment's consideration to foresee, that the drunkard stands a far worse chance of recovery, than the man of sober habits ; for all acute diseases, and nine-tenths of chronic ones, are improved by abstinence from excitement of every description. The maladies glanced at in the foregoing rapid *coup d'oeil* are, for the most part, of slow growth, and steal upon the person unawares ;—and it is only by slow measures that they can be eradicated, when eradicated at all. Some of them mask themselves behind unsuspecting phenomena,—and in this way, the constitution is slowly sapped : but the cases are far more numerous, in which the premonitory symptoms, are either overlooked altogether, or if seen, totally disregarded. Most of the diseases

just enumerated are, in the beginning, merely functional:—step by step, matters get worse, till at length, they become organic;—but a long period sometimes elapses, before they assume this character. Acute diseases come on rapidly, and sometimes reach their acmé in a few hours: they make their attack on horseback. Chronic diseases, on the contrary, as their very name and nature implies, come on and advance by slow degrees. But both the one and the other retire on foot.

Nothing can be more fallacious, than the bacchanalian conclusions which are sometimes drawn from instances of great drinkers proving long livers. To be healthy, and habitually intemperate at the same time, is an event, lying but just within the verge of possibility. There are, to be sure, a very few individuals whose Herculean stomachs would resist almost any thing. But every healthy toper, ought to be regarded as a *decoy duck*;—and no more proves that health is safe in intemperance, than an unwounded soldier proves that life is secure in a battle.

As to the difference betwixt excess in eating and excess in drinking, I may take this occasion to observe, that the former, is, in my belief, the more immediately injurious of the two. The vessels sooner unload themselves from excess in drinking, by the various secretions. Large quantities of solids in the stomach interrupt digestion in the first place;—derange the circulation, and by the stimulus they give to the heart and arteries, give a decided bent to, and pave the way for chronic inflammation. By their bulk too, they press the stomach against the diaphragm, and descending aorta.

The water-drinker glides through life without any ex-
 hilarations, or much depression—is subject to few diseases,
 and mostly preserves his senses and faculties to a late period.

of life. He is generally more calm, prudent, and considerate, than those who use fermented liquors.

The drinker of genuine malt-liquor passes through life more merrily, and more speedily: but is subject to a few more diseases.

The wine-bibber has vivid periods of rapture, with long intervals of gloom.

The spirit drinker fares still worse:—his life is still shorter, and he is subject to numerous diseases.

The dram-drinker's condition is the worst of all, and he is quickly cut off. In his life there is no noon; it is all spring and winter.

From the preceding pages we have seen that habitual intoxication makes the most fatal havoc both upon the body and the mind—that it not only plucks up flowers, but plants thorns in their room—that it is a powerful agent in the aggravation of maladies which may incidentally supervene from other causes, and that it may be said, in round numbers, to be an engine by which those who are not killed are disabled.

That period of apparent health which intervenes between the commencement of the habit of intoxication, and the open manifestation of disease, may be well enough termed the period of incubation.

When we survey this appalling assemblage of misery—this total shipwreck of health, fame, and fortune, we can scarcely avoid coming to the conclusion, that to be an habitual drunkard is voluntarily to accept the chaplet of infamy.

Were a knowledge of the facts herein mentioned, more generally diffused amongst drunkards, it might, probably, tend to lessen their achievements, if it did not lessen their number.

TREATMENT DURING THE FIT.

Notwithstanding all this confusion—this universal uproar in all the bodily and mental functions (the inevitable result of every attempt which a man makes to “moisten his clay”),—it is undeniable, that in 99 cases out of 100, no treatment whatever is required :—except, that can be called treatment which consists in putting His Highness to bed as soon as possible, with his head and shoulders well raised, and his head inclined a little to one side. The case may then be pretty safely handed over to Dame Nature, who generally takes precious good care of all her hopeful sons.

It happens, however, occasionally, that when a man is self-deprived of all sense and motion, and is in that state usually denominated *Dead Drunk*, that he is considered, and very properly so, in some jeopardy. In fine, he is, or ought to be considered, as under the danger of an impending apoplexy. In all such cases, the first and paramount indication is to evacuate the contents of the stomach. For this purpose, warm water is to be poured down the throat ; and the expulsive force of the stomach ought to be further solicited, by irritating the fauces with a feather. These means alone will, in many cases, induce the stomach to eject the inebriating fluid. Olive oil is sometimes employed. In the choice of an emetic some circumspection is necessary. A gentle one may prove inefficient, and a powerful one, might either rupture the stomach, or produce irreparable mischief to its coats. When it is necessary to exhibit an emetic, ipecacuanha will be found the safest,—to which may be joined some

oxymel of squills. The caution with respect to emetics, is noticed from this circumstance, that in certain cases of profound intoxication, no emetic, whatever may be its powers, or however frequently exhibited, will produce vomiting. Here we have another instance of the intimate association between the stomach and the brain. In incipient intoxication the irritability of the stomach is increased: but in confirmed drunkenness the energy of the nervous system is suspended, and the irritability of the stomach is lost. In short, the action of vomiting cannot take place at all, without the influence of the brain and nervous system. For the truth of this position, we have the irresistible evidence of daily facts. The same thing happens in injuries of the head. A powerful blow upon the head increases the irritability of the stomach, and nausea, sickness, and constipation of the bowels are produced. But in violent injuries of the head, the irritability of the stomach, so far from being increased, is completely paralyzed, the energy of the nervous system being suspended.

The use of the stomach-pump will obviate the necessity of giving emetics, and as soon as ever the inebriating agent can be evacuated, the person may be considered out of danger. As in those cases, there is always a great determination of blood to the head, bleeding seems to be indicated: but the practice is disapproved of by those who are the most competent to judge. In one hospital in the kingdom, where unusual opportunities have occurred of putting the practice in force, it has not been found to be attended with any manifest advantage, and in the majority of cases, it has proved injurious. This seems the more singular, since bleeding by the weakness it occasions, is favourable to nausea and vomiting; and when the heads of those who have died intoxicated,

have been examined, the vessels of the brain are found to be gorged with blood, and a quantity of serum deposited in the lateral ventricles. Immersion in cold water has often brought a drunkard to his senses instantaneously. Thus, seamen who fall overboard in a state of stupid intoxication, are generally sober when picked up. But this cannot be recommended, since the experiment is not altogether devoid of danger. It is, probably, on this account, that the ladies have been so kind as to relinquish their ancient privilege of *ducking* a drunken husband. Throughout the whole paroxysm, however, the application of cold water, rectified spirit, or æther, to the head and temples, is proper: the actual cold of the first, and the cold occasioned by the evaporation of the latter, tend to repress the inordinate action of the arteries of the head, and therefore, diminish the quantity of blood sent to the brain. Even gamesters and statesmen know this remedy, and use it. When Mr. Fox was in office, during his youthful days, he, after a night spent in dissipation, frequently wrote important papers with a wet napkin around his head.

In profound intoxication, the degree of danger is usually said to be best estimated, by the irritability of the iris. If when a strong light is directed upon it, it is found to retain its contractile power, the patient will generally recover, however overpowered his senses may be. If, in a strong light, it remains in a state of extreme dilatation the peril is imminent. Now whilst I am ready to admit that the insensibility or paralysis of the iris, is always attended with danger, I am unwilling to place so much faith upon its dilatation (upon which so much stress is laid), from having seen cases of profound intoxication in which the pupil was greatly contracted. To me, then, it appears, that the total want of

energy in the stomach, is a more certain indication of danger, than any appearance of the eye whatever.

Seldom does it happen that any thing more than these means is required. The danger will be enhanced if he has eaten freely. When the stomach has been emptied, and the other means adopted already mentioned, the next best thing is—to let him alone, rather than “encumber him with help.” All-powerful nature is competent to effect the remainder.

TREATMENT NEXT DAY.

I know not whether praise or censure will be my portion, for directing the Inebriate how he may best counteract the effects of his indiscretion. To a stomach weakened by excess, muriate of soda (common kitchen salt), in almost any form, is a grateful stimulus, and it also tends to repress sickness. On this account it is that salted fish, ham, &c. are favourite tit tibs, served up at the breakfast table. When acidity prevails, alkaline medicines are useful, or the absorbent earths, as magnesia. When there has been an excess in eating as well as drinking—a few drops of vitriolic acid in water, will be found useful. I believe, however, that milk (not new) in which is sprinkled a little salt, is superior to any medicine. Many old topers who are quite *au fait* at it, never take any thing else. For the head ache, many find a wet napkin applied to the head effectual. To those totally unaccustomed to these gastric achievements, nothing whatever will put the stomach in good tune, and they are obliged to pass the day *impransus*. However volatile a man may be over the bottle, or during the empire of the passions, he is, generally, the day subsequent to the debauch, as “flat as a flounder.” Dullness sits upon him like an incubus. Now, to put to flight this *malaise*, and all the other unpleasant sensations, there is nothing like a good gallop on horseback. This will help to restore the balance of the circulation betwixt the arteries and the veins. The warm bath is also an admirable remedy, enabling the heart and arteries to resume their wonted offices. By it, the system is tranquillized and

reinvigorated—the mind refreshed—and the pains and lassitude which follow inebriation, obviated. Continuance in bed is sometimes of service. A brisk aperient is often productive of relief, but in order to reap much benefit from it, it should be taken very early in the morning. In this matter he should take “time by the forelock.” The food, where any can be taken, should be light, and the beverage diluent fluids. If, then, instead of suckling his melancholy by the fireside, and treating his imagination with a retrospective ramble, he will take strong exercise, or the warm bath, he will be able to enjoy the day, appear once more with life in the face, and be himself again. Either of these, will equalize the circulation and have the effect of an *appetizer*.

TREATMENT OF THE HABIT.

— The way to win,
Is wisely to advise.

SPENCER.

We now approach the uninviting but most important subject of curing the habit.

It is seldom that a physician is asked to attempt a cure until the system is completely shattered, and in all probability, when the baneful practice is coupled with some formidable disease whose inroads have made such havoc upon the constitution as completely to shut the door against all chance of recovery. In such a case, the practitioner can hope for nothing beyond being able to palliate symptoms, and must account himself happy if he can be even thus far beneficial.

The causes of this lamentable procrastination may be various; but they seem chiefly referable to an innate propensity there is in human nature to disregard danger at a distance, and to wait till the evil knocks at the portal before any measures are taken to arrest its progress. Few things would be more ridiculous than to enter into a minute detail of the medical treatment applicable to the drunkard's case; for the treatment must, doubtless, differ most widely in consequence of age (I had almost said sex), temperament, &c., and above all, according to the particular disease under which the patient labours—assuming that in any other circumstances the physician would never be called upon. In

the upper walks of life, numerous circumstances would present themselves which would, in point of fact, be diametrically opposite to those which occur in situations where disease is accompanied by want, unwholesome food, &c. All these circumstances the judicious practitioner will keep steadily in view; he will watch over nature's intentions,—moderate the natural means when in excess—quicken them when deficient. He will, in short, catch the spirit of the fleeting case, and adapt his curative agents to co-operate with the instinctive and remedial powers of nature, and in doing this, the whole scope of his professional skill will often be demanded.

Considering how common a habit drunkenness is, and to what lamentable consequences it too frequently leads, one would naturally expect that, long ere this, some good and established modes of treatment would have existed. But so far from this being the case, it would be difficult to mention a single affection concerning either mind or body, in which our remedial means or curative practice are still so wretchedly all afloat. We seem to have neither helm to steer by, nor compass to direct our course. Even the few means usually resorted to, are far better calculated to increase than lessen the mischief. It may be said, that the evil is acknowledged—the remedy simple: abstain! To *say* this is certainly simple enough, but to *do* it is quite another matter. So difficult, indeed, is it to *do*, that it can not be done (when the habit is firmly rooted), except by such an effort of volition as strong minds, and strong minds only, are ever induced to make. The great misfortune is, that the propensity to continue the habit of excess is so strong, that the patient has not resolution to break through, but persists from the inveteracy of custom. Besides, one of

the most unpromising features connected with the habit is, that the mind as well as the body is enervated, and that the former loses so much of its natural vigour, as in no long time, to present a barrier to the success of efforts for its own deliverance. It will, I believe, be found a correct remark, (however enigmatical it may appear), that few drunkards know that they are so. Many men readily admit that they occasionally over-step the bounds of moderation, but none allows himself to be accounted a drunkard. Nay, drunkards of the first water (brandy I mean) and confirmed toppers, repel with indignation the imputation of drunkenness.

To the noisy rout of Bacchanalian rioters, it will be of little purpose that advice is offered; their clamours being too loud for the whispers of caution. Yet it requires no great ability to prove, that he loses pleasure who loses health, or that health is far more valuable than money, because it is by health that money is procured. Upon a first view, it seems very strange that conviction should be on one side, and practice on the other; and that he who has seen the right way, should voluntarily shut his eyes that he may quit it with more tranquillity. Yet these absurdities are to be met with at every step one takes. Would a man conform to the right as soon as he was shown it, little would be wanting to the happiness of life.

One would suppose, that loss of friends—loss of health—loss of fortune,—declension of character—protesting friends—perhaps a weeping wife—and a reprobating world, would, surely, be more than enough to make any man dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, even in all the pride of its mantling temptation. But no:—even all this will not suffice. Such is the infatuation—so firmly are the chains of his bondage rivetted, as frequently to bid defiance to every

human effort. Many fine young men who are but yet, as it were, in the vestibule of life, and who originally possessed good and generous hearts, are so chained down by the force of habit, as to be totally lost to themselves—their friends, and society; and at a very early period are reminded of the former luxuriance of health, only by the maladies which riot has produced.

If we expect to break the sturdy chain of habit and association, we must by a system of uniform kindness, first attempt to gain the patient's confidence. Unless this is done, nothing is done. We are to keep in remembrance that we have to contend with what by heedlessness may be driven forward, but which the soothing of tenderness and indulgence can frequently reclaim. The drunkard's sober moments are nothing better than intervals of gloom and despondency. Yet how do we employ these moments? Instead of seasonably alternating admonition with consolation—instead of the voice of friendship being exerted in endeavours to animate him to more worthy efforts, and cheer his drooping spirits, he is but too often assailed with bitter reproaches, keen rebukes, and scurrility of tongue. The immediate effect of all this is to heighten his gloom, and send him to get drunk again. We may lay it down as an axiom from which it is unsafe to depart, that no man can ever be cured of despondency by a sarcasm or a sneer. How is it likely that he should? Can we seriously expect to raise a man's spirits by first insulting his understanding?

Drunkards cannot be reclaimed by harsh and severe measures. The truth of this is too palpable to be disputed. Notwithstanding this, our remedial efforts, in the majority of instances, set directly the other way; and we treat this compound disease (for it is one) as if we did not possess a shade

of rational knowledge upon the subject, or, as if cases of intoxication were not sufficiently numerous to enable us to verify or disprove the assertion. Even the pitiful portion of kindness which is sometimes doled out to the inebriate, is not very well calculated to show its worth, from the bungling manner in which it is commonly applied. Severe measures are only calculated to cut away the root of hope, and increase every mischief which it was intended to remedy. To adopt this plan is but "*jetter de l'huile sur le feu*," and may truly be named a left-handed wisdom. If ever any good be done, it must be by kind treatment, and "the bait of honied words." He must be tempted by picturing the sweets of temperance, and by presenting to his view better hopes, and brighter prospects. Men are much more likely to be praised into virtue, than censured out of vice. And we are not to forget to inform him, that true health lies half-way betwixt excess and deficiency. In this way the gloom of calamity may be cheered by secret radiations of hope and comfort; but by "sharp-toothed unkindness" existence becomes shorn of more than half its enjoyments.

I take my stand on the favourite pedestal of analogy. A century has not elapsed since the insane were treated in the most brutal and cruel manner. The unfortunate sufferers were in some of our public asylums shewn like so many wild beasts in a menagerie. They were not treated as human beings, although it is well known that the richest minds are as open to insanity as the lowest, or even more so. But what is the practice now? Why experience has taught that a system diametrically opposed to this, holds out the best prospect of success, and that more can be done by kindness and humanity, than by all other means put together.

A similar change must take place in the treatment of drunkenness before any good is to be done. In fact, the causes which give birth to insanity have a striking resemblance to those which produce the habit in question; and as much *tact* is required for the cure of the one as the other. Drunkenness is a species of insanity—a monomania. As in other species of insanity it will occasionally be necessary to soothe the irritable—repress the insolent—cheer the desponding—calm the excited—check the forward—encourage the timid—resist the importunate and petulant—but *carefully to attend to all reasonable requests*. In the treatment of insanity—and in the treatment of habitual drunkenness the indications are the same, and the same rules should be observed. The principal rules are (or ought to be) as follows:

1. Never to exercise the mind in the sense of his delirium.
2. Never to oppose openly the morbid ideas, affections, or inclinations.
3. To give rise, by diversity of impressions, to new ideas and feelings; and thus, by exciting fresh moral emotions, revive the dormant faculties.

Much diversity of opinion still prevails, as to whether the habit should be suddenly or gradually relinquished. Here, as in most disputed points, we shall, in all likelihood, find truth taking its stand somewhere about mid-way between the poles of contention. One party urges that though in morals it is a wholesome principle that bad habits cannot too speedily be thrown off—yet in medicine the doctrine is mischievous; that organs that have long been under the influence of perpetual excitement, would lapse into atony, upon the sudden adoption of a severe counter-plan. The other party as strenuously insists, that experience has sufficiently proved it to be a much easier task to abstain totally, than to attempt partially to refrain—and that there is not

only perfect safety in adopting a more decided rule, but that recovery is both more rapid and permanent. To me, it appears, that both plans may and ought to be followed, but that neither the one nor the other is entitled to exclusive adoption. Speaking of drunkards as a body, I am thoroughly convinced that two-thirds of the whole might with safety and advantage abandon the habit *at once*. Only in the case of old veterans who have all their lives fought under the banners of Bacchus would I qualify the prohibition. The young who form a numerous class, might give it up at any time;—so might those in middle life who are not labouring under some actual disease. Those, and those only, who for a series of years have accustomed themselves to stimuli would be injured by such an interdict. In them the case is quite different: they possess not the stamina sufficient to withstand a sudden counter-plan: they could not brook an abrupt change, nor in some cases any change at all. Their constitutions are shattered—the whole instrument is out of tune. Besides all this, there is usually superadded, disease in some shape or other, for most old drunkards have to cope with some malady either apparent or latent. To be deterred by the debility which would supervene, is, in the young at least, arrant nonsense—mere moonshine: all the verbiage uttered upon this score may safely be disregarded. The system has a wonderful instinctive power of accommodating itself to circumstances.

I am thoroughly persuaded that the fear of sudden omission is carried further in consequence of hypothetical opinion than actual experience can justify. It is true, that men who have been habitual tipplers for very many years, can seldom make sudden and great changes in regard to diffusible stimulants, without the risk of inducing some

dangerous disease, particularly those of a dropsical nature. In this case, when the artificial stimulus is at once withdrawn, the heart falls into a sort of collapse—the pulse becomes weak—the blood accumulates in the veins, and nature relieves the superabundant fulness, by an effusion of serum from the extreme vessels. But I presume the circumstance more immediately to be expected from sudden omission, is the supervention of delirium tremens. Where the habit has been continued for a vast number of years, and where there is great debility, it would unquestionably be improper to withdraw the stimulus suddenly, or perhaps at all. But in all other cases it may safely be renounced *in toto*.

To attempt to cure a drunken man by medicine, is a hopeless and Quixotic undertaking. You might just as well attempt to regulate the seasons. Drunkenness is a habit—an affection as well of the mind as the body, over which medicine without other aids has no control. The complaints connected with intemperance are certainly consequent to, and apparently derived from, a dyspeptic and irritable state of the stomach, and for these a little medicine will be useful. But this has nothing to do with the habit. Some men will be better satisfied by the administration of medicine. In this case it would be criminal to omit it. If they wish for it, in the name of Hippocrates let them have it—*usque ad nauseam*! Besides, the periods allotted for taking the different doses will occupy the attention, and form so many epochs in the patient's chronology; and provided a man be cured at all, it surely matters not a jot whether it be through the medium of his stomach or his fancy.

But the treatment of an irritated stomach, with all its train of unfriendly associates—and the duty of distinguishing

betwixt irritated function and inflamed structure, we must leave where it ought to be left, namely, with the practised judgment of the competent physician. In the hands of the patient himself, medicines are only perfidious palliatives.

I am well aware that some of the preceding remarks do not exactly chime-in with current notions, but they accord charmingly with observation and fact. That a sudden abandonment of stimuli would bring on diseases as bad or worse than those which it was intended to remedy, I know full well, is one of those notions which float on the stream of public opinion. Such notions I believe to be prejudices.

Those who drink from an innate love of liquor can never be reclaimed. Any attempt to cure them would be attended with about the same success as an attempt to quench Mount Vesuvius.

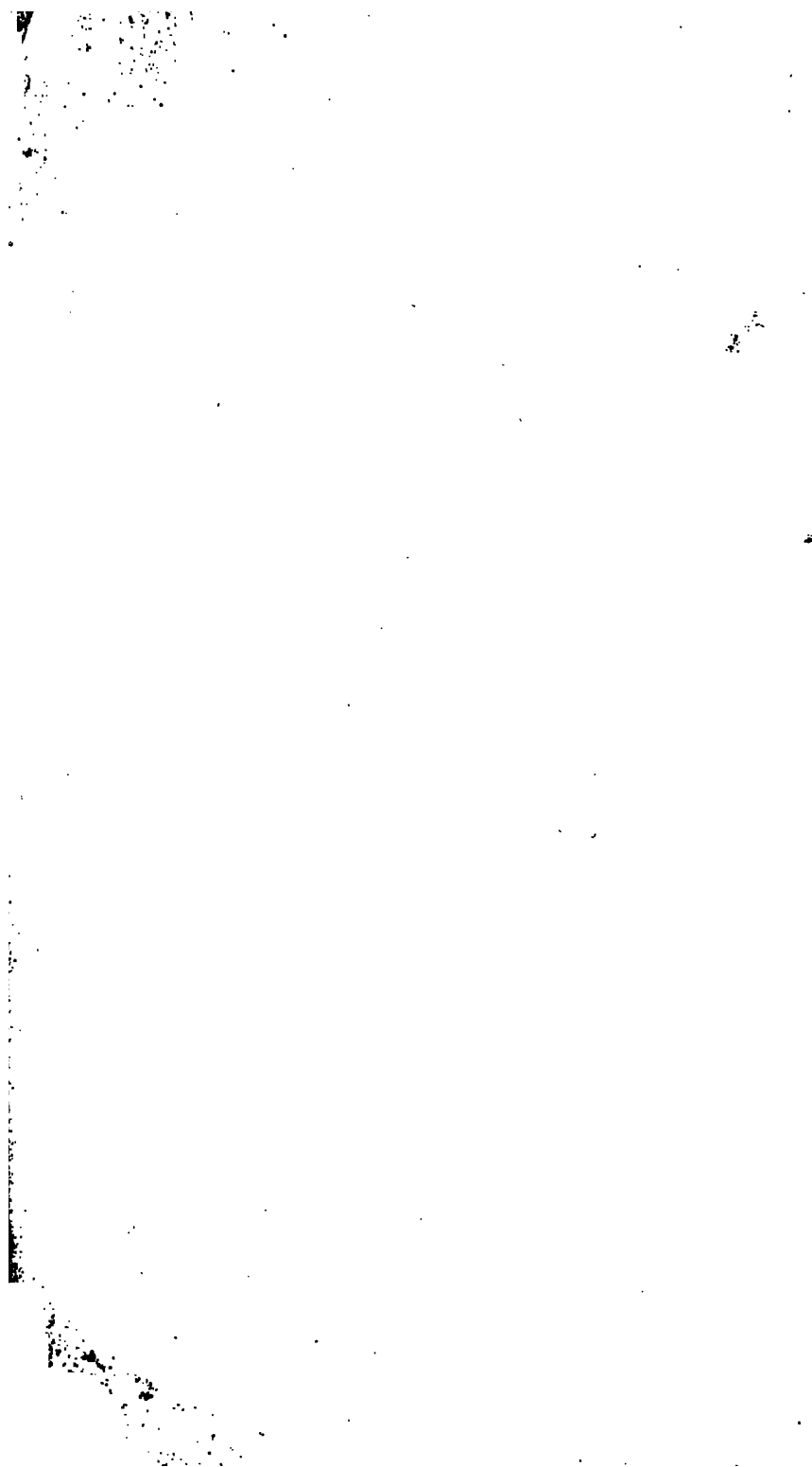
Any and every attempt to cure an inebriate will be totally fruitless unless he himself will steadily second our endeavours. But making any great change in our habits of life—is something like taking a cold bath—we all hesitate at making the first plunge. Many a man is met with, who in the morning will form the best resolutions, and abide by them during the day; but no sooner does the evening approach than he bends like a rush before the wind. Thus, like Penelope, what he does by day, he undoes by night.

Generally speaking, *c'est le premier pas qui coute*. Every body knows that in acquiring money, the grand difficulty consists in obtaining the first:—just so is it with health—all the difficulty is in the beginning; a little once got increases of itself, like compound interest.

After all, a cheerful friend is the best physician. A cheerful, sensible, judicious friend, who knows how to discriminate—seasonably to alternate admonition with conso-

lation—who can teach us to look on the sunny side of things, and not always keep the eye fixed upon the darkened hemisphere of life, will do more good than all the rest put together. Wounds of the mind must be left to time—change of scene—and the palliatives of friendship.

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